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THE
Fool of Quality;
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
HENRY Earl of MORELAND.

By Mr BROOKE.

VOL. II.

A NEW EDITION,
GREATLY ALTERED AND IMPROVED.

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THE
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AUTHOR. **Y**OU are welcome, my friend.
 But pray, to what may I be
 indebted for the favour of this
 visit?

FRIEND. In compliment to your work, rather than to its author, I confess that curiosity impelled me hither, in spite of some other urgent occasions. Indeed, I heartily cursed the intruders who disturbed us in so interesting a point of the story; and I should not have slept since, had I not in some measure satisfied my impatience by making out the remainder in my own mind.

A 2

AUT.

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AUT. And pray, how have you contrived the business?

FR. In a way, as I thought, that could not be avoided. The natural affections of a parent, joined to the recent obligations by which old Clement was bound to his son, must necessarily effect a perfect reconciliation, and all end, as one would wish, in future prosperity. In truth, I thought it full time to put a period to the reader's distress, by putting an end to those of the unfortunate Clement.

AUT. Happily guessed, my friend. Your imagination has supplied my place to great advantage. To proceed, would answer no manner of purpose.

FR. But then it struck me, this morning, that the deplorable condition, in which these people were found, could not be consistent with my plan. This has brought me in a hurry. I think that my plan is still the right one. I fear, you have indulged yourself in the marvellous, at the expence of nature. It is the fault of all novelists. I am in great pain for you. I cannot conceive how you bring yourself off in this plunge.

AUT. Here—Had you called sooner, you would the sooner have had your spleen or your curiosity gratified.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

DURING his fit, the surgeon came with his instruments and dressings; and having in vain attempted to restore him, by sprinkling water in his face, and by the application of hartshorn to his nose and temples; he took some blood from him, whereon he opened his eyes, and began to breathe with freedom. He then examined his wound, which was a little above his forehead, and declared it so slight, as scarce to be an excuse for keeping his chamber. The surgeon, having dressed it, received his fee and retired; and my father ringing for the drawer, ordered up a flask of Burgundy, with a cold fowl, oil and vinegar.

When the table was laid, and the waiter desired to withdraw, my father again looking earnestly and compassionately upon me, I believe, says he, my child may be hungry; and straight his countenance falling, and the muscles of his lips beginning to work, he broke into tears. Barbarous wretch! he exclaimed, unnatural ostrich! who could thus leave the first begotten of thy bowels to the nakedness of the sands, and to the blasting of the elements.

No, no, my father, I cried, again throwing myself

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myself on my knees before him; kill me not with your tears, crush me not with this your unmerited concern! all is well, all is happy, and blessed, as I can bear it to be. This moment overpays my years of anguish, it is like heaven after passing the vale of death and mortal sufferings.

After supper, of which my father scarce tasted, he got up, and as I rose at the same time, he stepped to me; and catching me passionately in his arms, and putting his neck across mine, My child, he cried, my beloved child, my life's blessed preserver! come once more to my bosom, enter thy forsaken mansion! Too long has it been desert and desolate, without thee! But here, I vow to the Almighty, that no step-dames, nor viperous instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us; accursed be they, who shall attempt to divide us; and may they come to an evil end, who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the light of mine eyes, till I am cold and insensible to every other joy.

While we sat over our bottle, my father called for ink and paper, and first presenting me with a purse of fifty guineas, he again gave me a bill, at sight, on his banker, for five hundred pounds. I started up, but stopping me, he cried, Hold, hold, my Hammy, I see myself overpaid in the acknowledgments of that dear, though meagre countenance; and then,

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then, as I kneeled before him, with both hands held over me, and eyes raised to heaven, he blessed me in an ejaculation of the tenderest ardour.

The reckoning being discharged, and two chairs ordered to the door, my father desired me to meet him at the same tavern, the following evening; and said that, in the mean time, he would think of settling some certain income upon me; and thus we parted, as though our souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near two o'clock, and the morning bitter cold. My Arabella had, long since, put her child to rest; and I found her in tears by a fire, scarce alive. She started up, on my entering; her face gleamed with a sickly joy; and she uttered some soft reproaches, of love and apprehension, for my absence at those hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full tide of our returning happiness on her weak and alarmed spirits, I took out some confections and a pint of sack, which I had purposely brought in my pocket. I broke some Naples biscuit into a cup, and pouring some of the wine upon it, I set her the example, and prevailed on her to eat.

Mean while she gazed earnestly, and inquisitively, in my face. My Hammy, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What eyes are these, Hammy, what new kind of a countenance

countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it, my God, that the darling of my soul should have done any thing criminal. First, perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than, on our account, or on any account, the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost.

No, no, my angel, I cried, daughter of highest heaven! God has been wonderfully gracious to me; he blesses me, for your sake, my Arabella. I have seen my father, we are happily reconciled, and famine and affliction shall come near us no more.

I then took the bellows and lighted up a good fire, and while we were emptying our pint, of which I compelled my wife to take the larger share, I gave her a transporting detail of what had passed; and poured my purse of guineas into her lap. So we went to bed in peace, regardless of futurity, the happiest of all the pairs on whom the succeeding sun arose.

We lay in bed, till the day was far advanced. I then ordered some comforting white-wine caudle for breakfast, and calling up the landlady, I discharged our quarter's rent.

When she was dismissed, I consulted with my wife whether she would chuse to retire to France or Holland; or rather to York, or some other remote place within the kingdom. But reflecting again, on the present excess of
my

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my father's tenderness for me, she joined in thinking it adviseable to act with his concurrence; and I determined that very evening to reveal to him, in confidence, the whole pathetic history of our marriage and adventures.

Mean while, I thought it best, in all events, to secure the means of moderately compassing our purpose, by taking up the 500*l.* from my father's banker. I found, by experience, that I had now little to fear from being known to any one. My shabby apparel, and emaciated face and limbs, that had prevented the knowledge and remembrance of a father, appeared a double security against all other eyes. I therefore adventured, though not without circumsppection, to Mr Giles's in Lombard-street, and, presenting my bill, demanded payment.

My friend, said Mr Giles, it is not two hours since a stop was put to the payment of that draught; and I was desired, at the same time, to put this paper into the hands of the party who should call. So saying, he gave me a note which I opened, with a trepidation that was turned into agony on reading the following words.

TO HAMMEL CLEMENT.

MOST subtle, and most accursed of all
cruel contrivers! thou didst thyself,
then, set that villain on thy foolish and fond
father; by whom his blood was shed, and
his

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"his life nearly lost. I renounce thee, I ab-
"jure thee from henceforth, and for ever.
"And as I continue to disclaim all sorts of
"ties with thee, either here, or hereafter; so
"may Heaven continue to prosper,

"BARTHOLOMEW CLEMENT."

On reading this dreadful paper, I retired from the counter without speaking a word. I got home, I know not how; for I neither knew what I did, nor considered what I was about. I walked up stairs, without perceiving that I was followed. But I had scarce got into my room, when five or six men entered, almost along with me; and one of them, stepping directly up to my wife, cried, Mistress, I arrest you in his majesty's name.

Hereat I turned, and was stunned, and roused again in an instant. I caught up the poker, and aiming at a well-dressed man, whose face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the crew, I missed the crown of his head, but tore off one ear, and cut him through his clothes and shoulder, to the bone, I then flew upon the rest. I dealt my blows with inconceivable fury and quickness. I cleared my room in a few seconds; and though several shots were fired at me, from the stairs, I chased them all to the entry, and returning to my Arabella, I barricadoed the door.

It

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It was then that she interposed, and dropping on her knees before me, What is my Hammy about, she cried, what madness has possessed my love? Would you be guilty of actual and instant murders, through a rash and vain attempt of rescuing from our laws a person whom neither God nor man hath yet condemned? This, indeed, were to ensure the ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my heart's master, let us neither commit nor fear iniquity. Join with me my Hammy, let us trust in our God, and nothing but good can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late terrors of her countenance disappeared; and her aspect was gradually overspread with a serenity, to be imagined, in some measure, from the face of an evening-heaven in autumn, when the sons of harvest are heard through the villages all about.

I gazed on her, with a speechless and complacent reverence. She gently took the weapon from my unresisting hand; and leading me back, she seated me in the furthest chair. She then removed every bar and obstacle to their entrance. The stairs were now filled with people who had been called to the assistance of the king's officers, but they still appeared apprehensive and fearful of advancing.

Gentlemen, said Arabella, be pleased to walk in; I deliver myself peaceably into your hands;

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hands; ye shall find no further opposition to his majesty or the laws. The officers accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of respect; neither did any of them offer to lay a hand upon her. Good God! Madam, exclaimed the foremost, is it possible you should be guilty of the crimes laid on your charge by that rascal, whom your husband has half killed. He is carried off to the doctor's; but I think, in my conscience, that he has got his deserts; and as for the few hurts that we have received, we excuse your husband, Madam, for your sake; and we think him the braver and the better man for what he did. By my soul, sweet Madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank ye, gentlemen, said my wife, gracefully smiling and curtsying; pray, be pleased to sit, while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty, indeed, of the death of a man, and yet guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the defence of virtue. But, gentlemen, say she, again smiling, you are likely to be troubled with more prisoners than you look for. One of them, indeed, is young, and as little meaning of harm to any one as his mother. I must, therefore, beg your indulgence in sending for a coach; and pray, do me the favour to accept this trifle, as the means of waiving away animosity between you and my husband. So saying, she presented their chief

with

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with a guinea; who, rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a coach.

Had the harp of Orpheus been tuned like the voice of my Arabella at this season, it is not to be wondered that tygers should grow tame, and bears crouch down before him, and lick his feet; since wretches like these, hardened in hourly acts of insolence and inhumanity, were now awed to downcast reverence; and on her return from the closet with her infant in her arms, dropped a tear of still compassion, as though they had not wholly forgotten that they were born of women.

In the mean time, my fury having subsided at the instance of my wife, I should certainly have fainted, if I had not been relieved by a gush of tears; which I endeavoured to conceal, by turning aside and putting my handkerchief to my face. A cloud of thick darkness again overspread my soul; and every internal idea grew pregnant, and laboured with apprehension and horror. I cursed my meeting with my father, and his treacherous appearance of bounty, which had served to bring this decisive ruin upon us; and I looked upon fortune as solicitous and industrious to bring evil and destruction out of every presentment and promise of advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed with the keeper for a tolerable apartment, at two

guineas per week; and putting on the best cheer I could affect before my wife, I sent out for a nourishing dinner. For I judged it late to be frugal, when death was at our door, and I had determined not to survive my Arabella a moment.

The day following, I procured copies of the depositions of the three witnesses, the first of whom was our own servant-maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the law, but received no consolation from their report. They told me that, had my wife been actually guilty of the robbery, as alledged, she might have had some prospect of being acquitted of the murder, by being enabled to bribe off the evidence. But that if she was really innocent of the robbery, as I affirmed, it then became the very cause, as well as interest of the guilty evidence, to have her condemned on both articles of accusation.

As the fearful day approached, I bought, at second-hand, two decent suits of mourning, with the requisite appendages for my wife and myself. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my tears, and half suffocated by my sobs; and I did every thing, but pray for my Arabella; for I could not think of lifting my heart to heaven, where I had lost all dependence.

In the mean time, my beloved daily recovered flesh and health. Her eyes grew more brilliant,

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liant, her complexion more clear, her countenance was as the surface of a depth of peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of reflected confidence, by beholding her aspect.

Early, on the fatal morning, when I had left her within at her prayers, and had pulled my hat over my eyes, and sat down in a corner, to vent the throbbings of my heart; I cast my eye on a paper that appeared from under the door. I took it up with precipitation, and, in it, found the following lines :

I.

Tho' mountains threat thy naked head,
Tho' circling gulphs around thee close,
Tho' help is distant, hope is dead,
Tho' earth and hell are sworn thy foes ;

II.

Yet, Heav'n their malice shall defy ;
And, strong in last extremes, to save,
Shall stand with guardian seraphs nigh,
And with thy stand'ers glut the grave.

I had no sooner read this paper, than I dropped down, involuntarily, on my knees. My hands clenched together; and I breathed up a most ardent petition, that some over-ruling Power would take my Arabella under his protection.

Soon after, she came forth, adorned like the moon when girt about with clouds, through

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whose blackness her beauty breaks forth with improved lustre.

While we sat at breakfast, I presented her with the verses. She read them, over and over, with deep attention; and then returning them with a smile, This, says she, has been the stratagem of some very charitable person, who judged that hope was wanting to support me at such a trial.

As the dreadful hour was at hand, and as I had considered, before now, that at last it must come, I had prepared a small bottle of salts and a cordial, to support myself, as well as my wife, from an unseemly dejection of spirits in court.

Ah, Sir! can you tell me how one thing should come to pass? can you account for this most extraordinary of all the workings in human nature? that a man, at some times should more feelingly live, or die in others, than in himself. Had I been called to my last audit, had the decision of my own existence been at stake, my apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt at that period.

At length the keeper appeared, and warned my Arabella that she must speedily set out. I turned instantly cold and pale; and it was long before I recovered strength to rise from my chair. In the mean time my wife returned to our bed chamber, and bringing out her infant, gave him in charge to a nurse-keeper; the

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She then held her hands over him, and raised her eyes to Heaven, in blessing, for some time. Again she fixed them on his face, and gazing upon him, as it were, for a last farewell look; tear dropped after tear, in a pathetic and affectionate silence.

Being conducted to the Old Bailey, my wife, on entering the court, turned suddenly pale; and her countenance was downcast with a diffidence that she could not for some time overcome. The concourse was excessively great, and chiefly consisting of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. The great man himself was there, with a crowd of his dependants, and all the male and female relations and friends of the deceased.

I gave my Arabella the salts to smell to, and as she weakly and bashfully advanced to the bar, a confused and jarring murmur was heard on all sides; and the words Impudence and Innocence resounded throughout.

When, according to order, she had held up her hand, and heard her indictment; the judge, with a countenance and voice equally stern, demanded Guilty, or not guilty? She answered, Guilty, my lord, I confess, of the death of lord Stivers; but never guilty of any kind of robbery, or malice. Woman, said the judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I should proceed to your sentence. But I ask you, for the last time, Guilty, or not guilty? Not guilty,

my lord, she then rejoined; if to do what I approve, and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again, the murmur was repeated; but continued much longer, and with more virulence on the one part, and more concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, Sir, with an account of the examination of the two first witnesses, one of whom had been our own servant girl, and the other the principal footman of lord Stivers. They had all manner of encouragement and countenance from the court, and concurred in every circumstance that could serve for condemnation. The sound of triumph was heard through all the gentry, and the populace fightingly, gave my Arabella for lost.

The third witness was then called. He was a very genteel and modest-looking young man, and was now out of livery.

My lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute voice, before I give my testimony in this case, I request that the two first witnesses should be taken into custody. Into custody! cried the judge, do you know what you say? I do know what I say, my lord, and I repeat my request, that they should be taken into custody. Why friend, said the judge, they are, as you are; they are witnesses for the crown against a criminal, and no man has a right to order them into custody. I say, rejoined the youth,

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youth, with an air still more determined, that they are witnesses against innocence, against his majesty, and against the laws; that they alone are criminal; that I am evidence against them; and I, again, require it of your lordship, of the jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their escape.

I see, exclaimed the judge, you are a prevaricating villain; but I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this fellow's examination?

My lord, my lord, said the young man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical tone, you were not placed there to prejudicate in any matter; no more than I was called here to be brow-beat and sentenced without trial. If you find that I prevaricate, if you desire to sift me as wheat, and find any chaff in me; I refuse not the bitterest punishment that our laws can inflict. But as your lordship observes, I am an evidence for the crown; and his majesty, God be praised, will not fix his tribunal in any unrighteousness. I therefore demand to be heard, in the cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the truth. And you, gentlemen of the jury! I petition you to intercede in favour of equity with his lordship, and to prevail that these criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away: and further, that they should be instantly searched; and

and all that is found about them, reserved for the inspection of yourselves and his lordship.

My lord, said the foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill consequence can ensue from searching and setting a watch over those people; their testimony is already given, and cannot be invalidated thereby.

Well, added the judge, I would willingly hear what this fellow, this turncoat, has to say for himself.

My lord, replied the youth, provided I approve my truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your lordship's displeasure. My name is Edward Longfield. I was born to happier prospects. My father was a gentleman; and about eighteen months ago, I took the degree of bachelor at Queen's College in Oxford. But misfortunes and misunderstandings happening in our family, I was left to be the former of my own fortunes, and arriving at London, I was taken into service by my late lord Stivers. He grew fond of me, beyond my merits; and I began to partake of his friendship and confidence, at the time that I was deprived of the most generous of masters, by the most unhappy of all events.

My lord had one foil to his many virtues: it was an invincible passion for female beauty. The last night of his life, having called me aside, Ned, says he, I must take you on an adventure

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venture to-morrow. I have positively the finest girl in the universe in chace; and I must enjoy her in all events. But the devil on't is, that she is virtuous, though I hope not incorruptible. I have put her husband out of the way upon a feigned action for debt; and I have bribed her maid over to my party. So that I have nothing to contend with but her own lovely person, and that will be the sweetest dispute in the world. Sure, my lord, I cried, you would not force her. Pshaw, said he, damn your impertinent scruples. Another such word, Ned, and you are blown with me. I can tell you, a fine woman, my lad, must be won at any rate; if she is garrisoned with virtue, and cannot be got by stratagem, she must be taken by storm.

The day following, my lord took me, and his footman Robert there, who is one of the witnesses, to a tavern directly opposite to the house of the prisoner. He dined there alone, and kept us in waiting most part of the afternoon, in expectation of intelligence from that other witness there, who has borne false testimony against her mistress. As he looked out, from time to time, at one of the street windows, he at last, as I suppose, received the appointed signal; for hurrying down stairs, he ordered us to follow. The door was, purposely, held open for us by that woman. Is all safe, Deb? says my lord. Yes, says Deb; but

but may I depend on these who come with you? You may, child, cries my lord, they are my own people. 'Tis very well, cries Deb, I have just got Miss Hodgins out of your way. My mistress is above, and alone for want of better company. To her then, my lord, she is a dish for an emperor. But if she should prove too many for you, I know where the shame will lie for ever. Well, well, cries my lord, shut the door softly, Deb; and take these lads down with you to the kitchen. But whatever ye hear, on your lives! let me have no stir, I charge ye. So saying, my lord went tripping up stairs; and we followed that bad woman to her darker region.

I soon observed that my companion, Mr Robert there, was intent on making up his acquaintance with Mrs Deborah; and as I found myself extremely uneasy, I gave them the slip, without being observed; and stealing up stairs, I put my ear to the door where I heard the voice of my master. Blessed Heaven! to what surpassing sentiments was I, then, an amazed witness! to what proofs of a virtue, that cannot be rated at less than divine! If I should not be tedious, I would deliver to the court; to you, my lord, in particular; and to you gentlemen of the jury; the best account, I can, of those wonderful passages.

Hear him, hear him, hear him! was then almost

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almost the universal cry; till he was permitted by the bench, and desired by the jury to speak with freedom.

He then repeated, in a more ample and pathetic manner, all that passed as I have told you, between lord Stivers and my wife. But stopping, as he drew near to the fatal catastrophe, I could no longer bear, he said, the piercing cries, and agonizing shrieks of such virtue, in such extremity. Had I had any kind of weapon, I thought I should have done my lord good service, by protecting the purity he was about to violate. But I trembled and grew exceeding sick, and hastening down to the kitchen, I threw myself into a chair, and swooned away.

While I was in my fit, and Robert and Deborah were busy about me, the fatal stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the prisoner made her escape, with her infant in her arms. When I was somewhat recovered, and had taken a dram of Mrs Deborah's bottle, she put down the kettle, and invited us to a dish of tea. I requested my companions, from time to time, to step out and listen; but they reported that all was quiet above stairs; and when I wondered at this, Tut, says Deborah, the lovers have made it up before now, I warrant; it's well for your master if he gets off before midnight.

At length it grew darkish, and being all of
us

us surprised that no candles were called for, we went in a body up stairs, and Deborah ventured, gently, to tap at the door; but hearing no voice nor stirring in the chamber, she turned the bolt, softly; and peeping in, she gave a loud shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as was prepared, by my knowledge of the lady's virtue, for some dreadful catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The floor was half covered with clotted blood. My master lay in the midst, already stiff and cold; and part of the fatal scissars was still within the wound. We all stood, for some time, in silent astonishment; and then, with joint tears, lamented his fate. At length says Deborah, I would gladly see if my blood-mistress has taken care to provide for his journey. So saying, she stooped, and taking his lordship's purse from his pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety-seven guineas. She then took out his fine gold repeater; and next, his gold snuff-box; and lastly, took his large diamond ring from his finger.

Come my lads, says Deborah, my lord's silence gives consent, and we can no more be said to rob this piece of earth, than the people in the mines, who gather gold from clay. When my mistress is ever taken, she must suffer death for the murder; and they can do no more.

her for the robbery, and twenty such matters together. If you will, therefore, be of my council, we will comfort ourselves, as we ought, for this melancholy business; and share a prize between us, that no one else had a right to, and that no body will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little time, he appeared more sanguine than Deborah herself; and they urged me to join them, by a number of interesting and cajoling instances. I was dispirited, I was affrighted; I saw a scene of blood and slaughter before me; and I doubted not that, if I refused them, I should be made the second victim to their resentment and avarice. I pretended to value the watch at an unmeasurable rate, and that I should be greatly the gainer, if I got it for my dividend. Mrs Deborah then went to her mistress's drawers; and taking out half a dozen silver spoons, a tea-equipage, and several articles in laces and cambricks, she fairly laid them before us; and observed, at the same time, that her mistress would not call in a hurry to demand them; and that the landlord would take all if we did not come in for snacks. She then made a new division; she compelled me further to accept of the snuff-box. She gave the purse of gold entire to Robert; and contented herself with the diamond ring, some gold medals, my lord's handkerchief, and the plunder of her mistress.

While Mr Longfield was in this part of his testimony, the foreman of the jury cried out, Stay, Sir!—Good people, pray stop those witnesses, there! I see, they are making off. And now, do us the favour to search their pockets; and to put what ye find into two hats severally, and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done, Mr Longfield says the foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr Longfield. Here is my noble master's watch; and here is his snuff-box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable persons, at present in court. And I bless my God that I have been enabled to preserve them, for the vindication of innocence, and the illustration of virtue, at this day.

Here Mr Longfield paused; and the judge cried out, Clerk, hand me up the examination of this prevaricator. This his lordship perused with a countenance and scrutiny apparently inveterate. But finding that the deponent had not touched upon the robbery, and that neither the words, *feloniously* nor *of malice*, were inserted in that part that referred to the death of lord Stivers, he tore the examination into twenty pieces. Come, come, he cried, again, I have not yet done with this same Longfield. I perceive perfectly well, how he came by the watch and snuff-box. The

transference

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transference was not difficult, from the prisoner, who stole them, to this her confederate. But, tell us, my wonderfully honest friend! how came you to keep these things from their lawful owners, for the very long space of twelve months and upwards? Why did you not, immediately, or long before now, give informations against those, whom you so suddenly take it into your head to accuse? And why would you suffer that so exceeding chaste, and innocent lady, to labour, all this time, under the infamy with which her character, in my judgment, is still justly loaded?

To all these questions, Mr Longfield barely smiled; but bowing with his head, and making a motion with his hand to two gentlemen, who sat on one side in the bench, Mr Archibald, an eminent merchant, and an alderman of the city, got up and spoke to the following effect:

I wish, my lord, that I could as well content your lordship, as I can satisfy the jury, and all others present, on the articles you require. The day immediately succeeding this fatal accident, Mr Longfield came to me, and in presence of Mr Truelove here, my worthy and substantial neighbour, gave a detail, almost word for word, of all that he has this hour deposed in court: he then deposited the watch and snuff-box with us, and did not reclaim them till early this morning. As I am

of his majesty's peace, he also gave in the examination, before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your lordship, till I have your previous engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue warrants for apprehending the delinquents; but Mr Longfield most sensibly and judiciously observed, that such a step must unquestionably, shut the door against justice and all knowledge of the truth; that the criminals were two to one against their accuser; that, on the slightest alarm, they would infallibly abscond, or make away with the effects, of which they now held themselves the peaceable and unquestioned possessors; or contrive some further plot, to invalidate his evidence; or, probably, make him away by pistol, or poison, and so deprive that unhappy gentlewoman of the only witness of her innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the court, under the confidence of my confederacy, they will have no reserve upon them, no foreformed evasions, or contrivances for escape. My unexpected testimony will suddenly confound their guilt; and they may happen to carry some articles about them, which might serve for their conviction beyond ten witnesses.

In the mean time, Mr Longfield, Mr Tree-
love, and I, were solicitous and unwearied in
our enquiries after the unfortunate prisoner,
that

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that we might persuade her to stand her trial, and to deliver herself up to justice. But all our search proved fruitless, till the day in which she was discovered and taken.

Here, Mr Archibald ended, and the judge exclaimed, Crier! call the two first witnesses into court, that we may hear what they say to this fair weather speech. The crier accordingly vociferated several O Yes's, for Deborah Skinner, and Robert Callan, to come into court. But had they been within call, they did not chuse to hear. During the attention of the court and jury to alderman Archibald, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next neighbours; and proceeding, in like manner, from one to another, they at length confounded themselves with the crowd, and got clear off.

My lord then began to sum his charge to the jury; and dwelled, with much emphasis, on some articles. Here, says he, we have lost a nobleman; a minister; one of the first ornaments of our country, and stays of our land. And what, I pray ye, have we got in recompence of this great damage? Why, my friends, we have got a new thing upon the earth; we have got a saving of the honour of a milliner. But if this princess is inviolate, as still is pretended; how came she to be guilty of this most horrid of all murders, before she knew to what extremity his lordship would have pro-

ceeded? How did she dare capitally to execute a peer of the realm, on a simple attempt, for which our laws would not have confined a common porter? This woman must, certainly, have been a trader in blood; and her felonious intents and malice are fully expressed in the very peculiar use and inhumanity of the weapon, with which she perpetrated this most desperate deed. You need not therefore, gentlemen, go out of your box to bring her in guilty of the murder. I will not affirm, with equal certainty, touching the robbery: and yet, to me it is apparent, that she could not have enterprized so barbarous a fact, if she had not done it in prospect of plundering the deceased. But as she is capitally punishable in the first instance, I leave ye, gentlemen, to determine of the second, at pleasure.

First permit us, my lord, replied the foreman, to examine what we have got in these hats. He then drew a long purse, from among the relics of Robert; and having counted out seventy guineas, Mr Longfield, says he, would you know my lord's purse? If it is my master's purse, said Longfield, it is of green silk, and has, toward the top, a coronet and the letter S. wrought under it, in silver twist. The very same Sir, indeed, rejoined the foreman. And now, let us see what Mrs Deborah might have got in her honest keeping? So saying, he took, from the second hat, a small wooden

box

box neatly stuffed with cotton, in which he found my lord's diamond-ring, three gold medals, and the ends of the handles of several silver-spoons. Mrs Clement, says he, I imagine we may have got some of your property among us. Pray, had you any mark to your silver spoons? Yes, Sir, said she, scarce audible; a G. at top, for Graves, and a D. and A. below, for Dorothy and Arabella. I wish Madam, replied this gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an equivalent for your merits, as to restore to you this trifling remnant of your rights.

Come, gentlemen, cried the judge, the day wears apace. It is time for you to retire, and consult on the verdict ye are to bring in.

My lord, answered the foreman, you truly observed that we need not leave our box for the purpose you require. We are already agreed, and unanimous in our verdict. And, I would to Heaven! that we were not confined, on this occasion, to literal precedents and forms of law, that we might give a verdict, some way adequate to the merits of the prisoner, who, however depressed by fortune, is superior in all excellencies; whom we judge to be an honour to human nature, and the first grace and ornament of her own sex. But since we are limited, by custom, in these matters, we do say, with one voice, and a conscience that compels

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compels us to utterance, Not guilty, my lord not guilty!

The words were scarce pronounced, when the court-house was almost split by a sudden peal. Hats, caps, and wigs, universally filled the air, and jostled against each other. The triumph was caught and echoed by the crowd without; and the sound was repeated, and floated, from street to street, till it seemed to die away, in distant parts of the city.

My wife then turned, gracefully curtsying to the foreman, I thank you, Sir, says she; thank ye, gentlemen, says she, again curtsying to the rest of the jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the assembly, and sat down. But I could not contain my gratitude, my transport overpowered me; and falling on my knees, and lifting my hands towards the jury, God alone can reward ye, gentlemen, I cried; may he for ever preserve the properties, honours, and families, of the worthy citizens of London, from violation and insult!

I then rose hastily. I slipped out of the bar, and rushing up to Mr Longfield, I caught him eagerly, about the neck. I could not speak. I hid my face in his bosom, and broke into tears. He attempted to disengage himself; but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr Clement. I congratulate you, Sir, with all my soul. But you owe me nothing; I barely did my duty.

O, my

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O, my friend, my brother, my preserver! I cried; I owe you more than life. Existence had been my greatest of curses without you. That I am not, at this moment, the deepest damned of the creation; that I find myself the most blessed of all beings; to you alone it is owing, my Longfield, my deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me; we never more must part. You are my captive for life. And I, and all that I am, or have, is your's to eternity.

As the people, within and without, were still in great commotion, the court appeared much alarmed; and the judge, and most of the gentry, made homeward, through a private door that opened into a back-alley. But their fears were groundless; for the crowd was wholly intent on another object, and impatiently waited for a sight of my Arabella.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr Longfield and myself, they made way for her on either hand; and the atmosphere again rang with shouts and acclamations. So sincere is the respect that the populace pay to virtue; and such is their exultation when innocence rises superior to oppression! but when innocence and virtue are accompanied by beauty, their reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to adoration.

Thus we returned to Newgate, amidst the blessings,

blessings, prayers, and praises, of a yielding multitude, who still respectfully opened. Arabella advanced. The windows, on all sides, poured forth congratulations; and the crowd through whom we had passed pressed forward for another sight, as though their eyes could not be satisfied with beholding.

Before we entered her late prison, my wife turned about, and curtsied, three or four times, to her numerous attendants, with an acknowledging grace and humility that seemed oppressed by their favours. She then entered hastily, and running up stairs, she caught her child from the nurse-keeper. She held him some time in her arms; her bosom gently heaved; and the tears rolled, in silence, down her placid countenance. But on our approach she turned suddenly into the bed-chamber, shut the door, and continued there in private for near an hour.

In the mean time, I sent out for a warm dinner and a bottle of wine. Mr Longfield now told me, that he had often been tempted to introduce himself to us, during my wife's confinement; but he feared, that the discovery of any acquaintance or correspondence between us might prejudice Arabella upon her trial; and that, therefore, he had made use of the little stratagem of the verses, which he had thrust under our door, in order to preserve us from a total depression of spirits.

When

When the cloth was laid, I whispered gently through the key hole, to my Arabella; and soon after she came forth, with a harmony and beatitude of motion and aspect, as though she had instantly dropped from that heaven, which had wholly possessed her during her absence.

At table, Mr Longfield gave us some heads of his history. He further told us, that after the death of his late lord, he had been long out of employment, during which interval he had nearly consumed the whole of his wages; but that Mr Archibald had recommended him to one Mr Langton, for the tuition of his young son, and that he was to set out with the family for their country seat next morning.

When Mr Longfield arose to take his leave, I left ten guineas into his hand, and urged his acceptance of them; but he obstinately refused, observing that he was single and could shift well enough.

After his departure, with tender adieus and warm acknowledgments on our part, I discharged the keeper, and we took a coach home.

Arabella was now at liberty to revisit her old acquaintance. She was caressed more than ever; and took in so much work, that she was obliged to hire a girl to attend the child.

Thus

Thus we lived, in a kind of frugal affluence. Affliction was no more. The remembrance of distress or poverty had vanished, as a dream. Our days moved upon down; and joy and peace nightly prepared our pillows.

The very extraordinary providence, so evidently manifested in the preservation of my wife, convinced me, even more than all my sufferings had done, how little I was deserving of the least of God's mercies.

I took a pious turn. I eagerly applied for further instruction, to those writings that had brought life and immortality to light. I began at the creation, and proceeded with the deepest attention and delight. Again, another system of matter and morals, another world and another God, presented themselves before me. But I shall not here detain you with an account of my new faith, as I may justly call it: for, though I always had held myself, vulgarly speaking, a Christian; I found, on examination, that I had been wholly a stranger to the necessity, as well as beauty, of the Christian dispensation; neither had I felt a single ray of its comforting influence.

At length my wife was seized with an ailment, which was then epidemical, it being the spring of the season. I immediately feed a physician, and after he had exhausted the circle of the *materia medica* toward a cure, the dregs of the disease settled into a rheumatism that principally affected

affected her arms and hands, and thereby excluded her from any earnings for herself or her infant.

I then determined, if possible, to supply this defect by the dint of my own industry; and I cared not how mean or humiliating my occupation might be, provided I might win a little lawful and honest bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in search of such employment, I observed a porter, attending before the door of a tavern, clad in an ordinary frock, with a belt about his waist, and an apron before him. I thereupon went to Monmouth-street, and purchased an uniform for the like purpose. I then passed through several streets, till I came to a splendid tavern, where no porter was in waiting. I stepped over the way, where I deposited my former coat with a poor Hackster-woman, to whom I promised some small matter for the trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly robes, and applying to the chief drawer, I promised him part of my earnings, provided he put me into speedy employment.

I had not stayed long, till I was dispatched to considerable distance with a letter. I was afterwards sent on a variety of errands and messages; and by the close of the day, I had accumulated three shillings; sixpence whereof I gave to the drawer. I then stepped, in triumph, to my friend the Hackster-woman.

man. I gave her two pence, reassumed my former garb, and left my weeds in her custody. I returned home, with a satisfaction to which I had been a stranger of a long time; and that night, eat heartily, talked cheerfully, and slept in peace.

I continued this occupation, during five successive days, in one of which I earned to the amount of five shillings.

It is sure, that laying personal pain and social feelings apart, human happiness does not in any way, depend on the degrees of station or fortune, or on any external circumstances whatever. It is merely domestic; it is what is embosomed, and cannot live from home. I was now engaged in one of the lowest and least lucrative employments of life; but my DIVINE FRIEND was at hand, of whose favor I was confident. I was content, I was cheerful; and I felt a peace within that passed the understanding I should otherwise have had of happiness, though I had been in possession of the crown-revenues.

Late on the fifth night of my new occupation, as I was on my return, and within a few doors of my lodging, I was seized and assailed by four men, who were porters as I found by the sequel. I struggled the best I could, and got one of them under me; but the rest fell upon me, and cuffed, kicked, and bruised me in a miserable manner. Oho, they cried

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you are a gentleman, and be damned; and yet, thief as you are, you must steal into our business, and glean away the few pence by which we get our daily bread; but we'll cure you for carrying of burthens, we warrant you!

They would undoubtedly have murdered me, had I not feigned myself already dead; but observing that I lay without any signs of life, they made off in haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and holding by the rails and wall, got with difficulty home, where, crawling up stairs, my wife helped to undress me, and I went to bed.

She then sent for our old physician, who ordered me some potions, with outward fomentations to alluage the contusions. I was however seized that night with a violent fever, which continued upward of three weeks, but without any delirium; and within another week, I was able to sit up, though still very weak, and greatly emaciated.

The last of our stock, with the fruits of my late employment, were now nearly expended on doctor, drugs, and so forth. Wherefore, I found it necessary to abridge our domestic charge as close as possible; and having sent our girl with a token for my porter's habiliments, I gave them to her in lieu of what remained of her wages, and with the help of an additional shilling discharged her.

I was now able to bear the light, and the windows were half opened; but how was I shocked on observing that my Arabella and little Tommy were as pale, and as much fallen away as myself! for Arabella had half starved her infant, and almost wholly starved herself in order to save sufficient for my sustenance during my illness; yet she bore up with a sweet and smiling semblance; and in her aspect was realized all that ever I have seen, of the boasted patience of stoicism, or of the power of Christianity in effecting a new nature.

Within a little time, I was once more able to walk about the room; when on the day preceding that wherein our quarter's rent was to become due, Mrs Jennett entered with a face wherein was prefaced whatever insolence, hardness of heart, or contempt of our wretched situation could dictate. Mr Clement, says she, if so be your name be Clement; I suppose I am not to tell you, that to-morrow is quarter day. And yet, if some people, Mr Clement, can't afford to eat, I can't see how they can afford to pay rent, Mr Clement; and for you know, 'tis every bit as comfortable to starve in jail, as in lodgings. But this is nothing to the purpose. I am, myself, but a poor woman, and no better than richer folks. Yet poor as I am, comparisons may be odious between some people and some people; and, then, don't come for charity; I come for nothing but

but my own, and that, you know, is the least that will satisfy any body. If you had any one else to befriend you, but myself, you might a' been put upon the parish before this. But as I was saying, I can't be an only friend and all friends at once. And I must tell you that I hate objects; for I have so much pity in my nature, that it pains me to look at 'em; and above all, I can't abide 'em in my own house. And so, as I told you, Mr Constable will be here in the morning; and he will shew you to lodgings that will fit you much better; and so Mr Clement and Mrs Clement, if so be that your names be Clement, I wish you both a mighty good morning. And so away she went, without waiting an answer.

As soon as she was gone, Hammy, says Arabella, our kind landlady puts me in mind of the wife of honest Socrates, whom he took for the trial and exercise of his patience. Ah, how cringing was this woman! how insolent is servility when it attains any power! But what, I wonder, is become of our friends the Miss Hodgins's? I would have sent to enquire after them; but I was petted at their neglect of us, during our long illness. I will step there this minute, and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my Hammy from the fangs of this fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a chearful air, and going, pleasantly repeated,

repeated, Your servant, Mr Clement, if so be that your name be Clement, I wish you a mighty good morning.

She was not long abroad, and on her return, I observed a kind of heavenly radiance that seemed to beam through her countenance from whence I prophesied all manner of happy success. But continuing silent for some time, and looking eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my bosom, and burst into tears.

Ah! Hammy, she cried, I had hopes I was very stout; but frail nature, in spite of prayer, confesses me a coward. I thought I could have seen you perish with patience, with delight, provided I saw a happy immortality before you. But now that your sufferings are at hand, I find them insupportable. I tremble also for your faith, lest it should not support you under the impending trial. Yes, Hammy, all is over. All is finished, my love, and the hand of our God is in it. Our dear Miss Hodgins's was not to blame; the eldest died suddenly, first we saw them; and the youngest is with a distant relation in the country. We have nothing further to hope, neither to fear from the world. Our God has shut us out by every door, and will neither permit the friendship, the humanity, or charity of others, neither our own industry, or ingenuity to yield us a morsel of bread; to convince us that we are his, and

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that all things are his; that when he openeth his hand, there is plenty on every side, but when he pleaseth to shut, there is no resource. What say you then, my husband? Are you willing to run this last short course? The prize is glorious, unspeakable, and lies within a very few paces of your grasp. You must run it, my husband, and your repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But patience and courage would give you strength to endure; and a little further conformity to the will of our Disposer would turn all the bitterness into delight. Our time is done, our task is finished; we are already brought to nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a chain of successive proofs. I see the hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any instances of his notice and attention, whatever his final purpose may be. I will no longer struggle with his omnipotence; nor make my ignorance a sounding-line for his unbottomed wisdom. If to see you and our little innocent thus famishing by the hour; if, in contemplating your wants and imagining your pains, I feel an anguish above what death can give; why, let it be; rend, heart, into a thousand pieces! A period must at length be put to our sufferings; and all, beyond, shall be peace, or what God pleases. But do you, Arabella, do you lead the way, my patroness, my director!

director! I will endeavour to keep the brightness of your example in view; that neither here, nor hereafter, I may lose sight of her, without whom, here or hereafter, I think I cannot be happy.

About nine, the next morning, our landlady entered, followed by two constables and two appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first thing she did was to search our pockets for money, but without effect; as we had expended our last penny the day before, for bread. She, however, found my wife's case of scissars, and other implements for her business; and gathering up our boxes, linen, handkerchiefs, and a variety of articles, which we never had a notion of converting into money, she laid them all before the appraisers; who, on frequent consultation, valued the same to four pounds nine shillings, my wife's gown included, being nine and thirty shillings more than we owed. But this our honest landlady very prudently observed was scarce sufficient for costs and other damages, which she had suffered, or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our accounts.

Thus we were turned out, almost naked, to the mercy of the elements; O, how deeply degraded below the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, or even the worms of the sod, who rightfully claim sustenance from the earth
whereof

whereof they were bred, and have some hole or part whereto they may creep for shelter

The world indeed lay before us. It was wide and all-sufficient; and yet nothing to our purpose. We had neither art or part, concern or interest therein. It was to us, as a harbour to tempest-beaten mariners, who are shut out and driven thence, on suspicion of the plague.

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our way, we knew not whither; without home whereto we might travel, or point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living, who would receive or acknowledge us; and we seemed to have no way, save that of hastening as fast as we could from the presence of mankind.

Slow and tottering as we went, my wife and I carried our little Tommy by turns; and in the smoother places, he walked with the help of our hands. Thus, with much toil and fatigue, we got out of London, and reposed ourselves on a bank that lay a little off the cause-way. Here we found ourselves greatly distressed with thirst: and getting up again, we made toward a small hut that stood beside the road, where they had the charity to treat us with a draught of cold water. With this we were wonderfully refreshed and recruited; and, putting on again, Hammy, says my Arabella, no conqueror, on his triumphal entry into Rome, ever exulted

ulted as I do in your fortitude this day. And what signifies it now, that it comes to the test? It is but to travel, my love, till we can travel no further; and then we drop, fit and ready, and ripe for eternity. O how sweet it is to perish with a patience that is pleased; how fearful, how horrible, to die struggling and kicking against the Almighty!

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting each other, I applied for alms, from time to time, to a number of passers; but my voice and address were so feebly importunate, or their attention was so engaged on distant and different matters, that my oratory returned as empty as it set out.

At length I met a poor beggar-man, with a wife and seven children following in a train. I looked at him wishfully, and having civilly saluted him, I entreated some little matter from his bag or his can, to keep my infant from perishing on the highway. God's mercy, my wife says the charitable mendicant, I am very sorry to see any body poorer than myself; but the truth is, that I have travelled a great way, and have eat and drank all, except this last twopence half-penny. Here it is, master; God's blessing go along with it! I grieve, and shall grieve, that it is not two pounds for your sake.

In expectation of the refreshment we should derive from this supply, we kept on at a creeping

ing pace, till we came to a little ale-house, that stands about half a mile from this town. There we entered, and called for a penny worth of bread and a pint of drink, with some milk for the child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor man of the house having eyed me with a kind of earnest compassion, You look, said he, to be in much trouble; but if your trouble is of a kind that may be cured, there is one Mr Fenton at hand, whom God has placed in this country, as the sun in heaven, to give comfort to all within his reach.

My heart revived within me at these tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy revolution. Having finished our pint, and laid up the remainder of our bread in store, we discharged our reckoning, and set out on our last stage.

The prospect of speedy relief, and the possibility that it might not arrive too late, gave us spirits beyond our powers, and we pushed on, till we came nearly opposite to this house, though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slackening our pace, we found ourselves growing extremely sick; whether it was that we were overpowered by the late nourishment we had taken, or by a toil and fatigue that surpassed our abilities.

Hammy, said my Arabella, God be praised! it is done, it is finished. I die, my Hammy; but I would not die within the gaze of public passengers.

passengers. Help me into the field, if you are able, my love. I have no further use for charity now, save that of laying my limbs, with decency, in the ground.

She spoke, nor had I the power to answer. But overcome as I was by sickness and anguish, I exerted myself to help her through the turnstile; and sitting down on the sod, I laid her head in my lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the situation in which your charity found us.

FRIEND. Your story of Clement, my friend, is truly interesting, and in some passages may be edifying also. I have only to observe, that it is too long for an episode, and that the character of your heroine-milliner is constrained and unnatural; it is elevated above the fortitude and virtues of man himself, but quite out of the fight and soaring of any of her weak and silly sex. Had she been a princess, an empress, she could not have figured, in your history, with greater dignity.

AUTHOR. There lay my error, Sir; unhappily, I did not reflect, that royalty or station was necessary to Christian resignation and lowliness of temper.

FR. Your drollery is more provoking than argumentative, I must tell you, Sir. I was not speaking of the lowliness, but of the fortitude of your Arabella; indeed it exceeds every thing

thing that I have met in romance. Such an exaltation of female character is of evil influence among the sex; each woman will be apt to arrogate some of the merit to herself; their vanity will be inflated, and they will rise, on the stilts of Arabella, to a presumptuous level with their natural lords and masters. Women, unquestionably, have their becoming qualities: in the bed-chamber, kitchen, and nursery, they are useful to man; but beyond these, my friend, they are quite out of the element of nature and common sense.

Aur. I have sadly mistaken this whole affair, it seems; I actually apprehended that woman might be admitted as a companion to man, and was intended, occasionally, to soften his temper and polish his manners. They have, at times, formed governors, legislators, and heroes. The great Pericles derived all the powers of his oratory, and the elegance of his taste, from the example and instructions of the lovely Aspasia; and the Gracchi also caught the spirit of their eloquence, and the fire of their patriotism, from their mother Cornelia.

Er. Pshaw, the women you have mentioned were but as single luminaries, perhaps one in many centuries, who shot away and shone out of their appointed spheres.

Aur. Mayhap, I can produce still better authority to prove to you, my friend, that wo-

man was not merely intended to form and instruct us, to soften and polish the rudeness of our mass; she was also appointed to nation empire and dominion over man.

FR. By all means, my dear Sir; I am quite impatient to be instructed in the policies and constitution of this your petticoat-government.

AUT. Whenever you shall be pleased to turn over to the third chapter of the first book of the prophet Esdras, you will there find written to the following purpose.

In the reign of Darius Hystaspes, successor to the grand Cyrus, (whom you may have read of in romance) Darius made a great feast to all his princes and nobles, chief captains and governors of his hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

And at the feast, three young and princely geniuses arose, and offered to dispute for pre-eminence before the great assembly. And the question turned on, What was STRONGEST? And the first said, WINE is strongest; and the second said, The KING is strongest; and the third said, WOMAN is strongest: And then the advocate for the bottle thus began.

O ye princes! bear me testimony, that wine gives and takes away according to its mightiness. It takes away the strength and capacities of nature; and gives powers, virtues, and talents of its own acquiring.

It trips up the wrestler, and lays a giant low.

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and bears the feeble and the fearful in the midst of the battle.

Wine is an opener of hearts, and a revealer of secrets. It raises hope into certainty, and gives jollity and enjoyment in exchange for care.

It unfolds the purse of the usurer, and enriches the needy; and frees the prisoner from his chain, and the debtor from his obligation.

It levels the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the king and the clown, to one temper and condition. It can set companions, friends, and brothers at variance; and cause rivals, competitors, and enemies, to embrace.

Wine enlarges the narrow heart, and thaws the frozen understanding; it instructs the ignorant in arts, and to the silent and illiterate gives phrase and elocution.

It can elevate the peasant from a cottage to a throne; for he who is drunk is as great as an emperor.

O ye princes! what in nature can be stronger than that, by which all the powers of nature are inverted or surpassed?

And having so spoken, he held his peace.

Then arose the advocate for kingly domination, and waving his hand, thus addressed the assembly:

O princes! how short and sickly is the influence of wine! it passes away as a vapour at the dawning; we recollect it with disgust, or

remember nothing thereof. But all power that is stable or durable, subsists in majesty.

The king is but one man among a hundred and twenty-seven nations of men; yet he overseeth, connects, and governs the whole. His are the honours, counsels, and strength of all his people.

The sun, who from on high looketh down on the wide world, beholdeth not at once the extent of our king's dominion. He must travel for the prospect through the blue expanse of heaven, and leave the western nation involved in night, when his beam begins to rise on their fellow-subjects in the orient.

For the king they plow, they sow, and they reap, and plant vineyards. For him the stars shine and shed influences upon earth, and the seasons change to yield our monarch various crops of production. For him the fruits ripen, the shrubs drop their balm, and the blossoms breathe their odours; all winds blow incessantly to him; and the four quarters of the world pay him tribute day by day.

If he bids to build, they build; and if he bids to lay waste, the nations are made desolate. Bliss and bane, life and death, ruin and restoration, are in the breath of his lips.

If he cries, War! it is war; the banners of blood are let loose to the wind, and the sound of the clarion kindles all men to battle. His hosts clothe themselves in harness, and

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range in terrible array; and his horses begin to neigh and tear up the ground, and his chariots to roll as distant thunders. They move and cover the earth wide as the eye can reach. The forests are laid flat, the mountains shake beneath them, and neither the rocks nor rivers impede the march of his armies. They trample into dust the fruits of the field, and the labours of the industrious, houses, vineyards, and standing corn; the villages and towns smoke and flame on every side.

Yet none ask the king, Wherefore is peace, or wherefore is war? for he stands exalted in ruin, and is glorified in destruction; his word is the bolt of irresistible power, and his will makes the appointment and sanctitude of law.

And having so said, he sat down amid the applauses of the whole assembly.

Lastly, slow and balmy, arose the young advocate for the FAIR; and bowing thrice around, he let his words go forth as the breathing of soft music.

Great, O princes! great is the strength of WINE, and much greater is the strength and glory of MAJESTY. But yet there is a Power that tempers and moderates, to which rulers themselves pay delightful obedience.

Man is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven therefore sent WOMAN, gen-

tle, bright, and beauteous woman, to footle
form, and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

She comes upon man, in the meekness of
water, and in the brightness of the morning
beam; she imperceptibly infuses love and
light into him, and bids his affections go forth
upon kindred and country.

The planter who planted the vineyard, and
the vintner who pressed the grape, were both
of woman; and by woman alone, the subject
and the sovereign receive existence, with
that can make existence advantageous or de-
sirable.

She brings man forth in his weakness, and
she brings him up to his strength; he is fostered
in her bosom, he is nourished with her
substance, and he imbibes into his being the
sweetness of humanity with the milk of his
mother.

Without woman, where would be fathers?
where would be child? where the relations,
endearments, and connections of kindred, the
charities that bind the wide world together in
to one inclusive family, the great BROTHER-
HOOD OF MAN?

She comes not against you in the hostility
of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She
comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty;
she looks abashed, and takes you captive; she
trembles, and you obey. Yet her's is the surety
of all signiorities on earth; for her dominion

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sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

There are no forms of human government that can exempt us from her sway, no system of laws that can exclude her authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the darkness, and put our face to every danger, to win and bring home treasure and ornaments to our love? Even the robbers and savage spoilers of mankind grow tame to the civilizing prerogative of beauty.

If men seek peace, it is to live in kindly society with woman; and if they seek war, it is to please her with the report and renown of their valour.

Even the highest and mightiest, the lord of lords and king of kings, is caught in the fascinating net of his Apame. I saw her seated by his side; she took the crown from his head, and gave it new lustre by the beauty of her brow and the brightness of her tresses. I saw her chide him in her playfulness, and strike him in her petulance; yet he pressed the hand of her pleasing presumption to his lips; he gazed fondly and fixedly on her: if she laughed, he laughed also; but if she affected displeasure, he spoke and looked submission, and was fain to plead and sue for reconciliation.

Here ended the blooming orator. The monarch

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narch rose from his throne and gave loud applause, and the roofs resounded with the shouts and acclamations of the assembly.

Wherefore it was decreed, "by the laws of the Medes and Persians," that female beauty ought to govern the world in meekness, and that men owed thereunto a voluntary obedience.

FR. Pray, my good Sir, this same Eldras, is it among the canonical books?

AUT. I cannot affirm that it is. But it is held as authentic, and very sacred, I assure you.

FR. It is a pity that your system of female government should be apocryphal. But, since you have not proved their dominion to be *juris divino*, permit me to retain my faith, and to go on with my story.

CHAP. IX.

MR CLEMENT, said Mr Fenton, I am singularly obliged and instructed by your story. The incidents of your life have been very extraordinary, and have been evidently accompanied by the attention and controul of a peculiar

peculiar providence. The same providence is, undoubtedly, with, and over all his works; though we are not willing to admit him in what we call common occurrences, and which, we think, we can account for without his interposition. But in the passages of your story, we see Omnipotence walking along with you, step for step; by sudden successes, by calamities as sudden, compelling you to attend to him; wrenching every other prop and support from your dependence, shutting every other prospect and resource from your sight; and never forsaking you, in weal or in woe, till he had fully convinced you of his fellowship and regard, and had reconciled you to the bitterest of the dispensations of your Creator.

Your story, my dear friend, has been generally conversant in middle, or low life; and I observed that there is scarce a circumstance in it, which might not have happened to any body, on any day of the year. And yet, in the whole, I find a chain of more surprising and affecting events, than I ever met with in history, or even romance.

God, I see, has made use of very severe methods to call you, and as I may say, to compel you to come in. But do you think, Mr Clement, that any methods less severe would have been equally effectual? You must admit they would not. And this demonstrates to me the difficulty, and almost the impossibility of diverting

ing any man from that habit of thinking and acting, which he contracts from the people with whom he is daily conversant. In a world of saints, a sinner must be a devil; but in a world of sinners, the man who has grace to deviate must be a saint indeed.

Had I been in your situation, on the day in which you say my charity relieved you, I should have thought myself very little beholden to that person, who would have plucked me back from my opening paradise, into a world of whose woes I had been so justly weary. No, no, my friend, I did you and your Arabella the worst office, as I think, that ye will ever receive. It was not to you that God intended any benefit, by restoring you to life; it was to those, and I hope they are many in number, who are to have the advantage of your example and instructions. It is an advantage of which I also propose to avail myself; and I request you, in behalf of my little Harry in particular, to accept your first retainer from our hands.

So saying, Mr Fenton carelessly slid a purse of a hundred guineas into Clement's coat-pocket, and hastily calling to know if supper was ready, left the room without ceremony.

In about an hour the cloth was laid, and Mr Fenton ordered his family to be called together. He had seldom seen Arabella, and never had noticed her, for fear of adding to that

confusion with which he saw her oppressed at their first meeting. But now his senses were all open and alive for observation; and on her entrance, he saluted her, as he would have received and saluted a descending seraph.

She had not yet recovered her flesh or her complexion; and Mr Fenton for some time looked at her, in vain, to discover those striking and irresistible beauties, to which lust had fallen a victim, and to which a whole people had borne joint testimony, by a voucher of public prostration and applause. * But of all that Mr Fenton had previously thought necessary for producing such extraordinary and astonishing effects, he saw nothing but a sentiment of lowliness throughout; a something, in face, in voice, and in motion, that was lovely, for no other reason, that he could find, but for its being quite impossible that it should not be beloved.

Awe, gratitude, veneration, and a depth of self-debasement, united to oppress the heart and spirits of Arabella; and in the course of conversation, she frequently hesitated, and blushed exceedingly.

Mr Fenton, with his wonted delicacy, made haste to divest her of the weight under which she apparently laboured. Madam, said he, with a diffident voice and downcast look on his own part, why this constraint, why all this blushing,

blushing, my dear Mrs Clement? indeed it is a compliment that we cannot deserve.

Ah, Sir, cried Mrs Clement, it is a compliment which I would very gladly spare, if I could help it. But, I must be a very guilty body to be sure; and my faults I find must be very much my enemies, when they are ready to fly in my face every moment.

Why, Mrs Clement, said Mr Fenton, do you hold blushing to be any evidence of guilt? Certainly, Sir, said Arabella; it can be no thing but a consciousness of somewhat amiss that ought to give shame to any sensible person. Mr serjeant Clement, cried Mr Fenton, pray, what is your judgment on the case in hand?

In truth, Sir, said Clement, it is a case to which I am not prepared to plead. I have, indeed, heard many and various opinions on the subject, though generally coinciding with that of my Arabella. And more particularly in conversations of *à la* entendre, I have heard it affirmed, that the blushing of a woman is a sure proof of her understanding much more than became her.

Hold there, cried Mr Fenton, the more understanding of good or evil can no more be a fault in the creature than in the Creator; the essence of guilt bears no reference to knowledge, but consists in the approbation of evil alone. A woman therefore, who blushes at what she disapproves, blushes not for herself, but

but for the faults of her rude and ill-mannered company, who have not the grace to blush for themselves.

When I speak here of blushing, I would not be understood, by any means, to include the flushing of desire, or the reddening of anger, or any such like turbulent and irregular emotions. I mean no other than that ready expression of shame, which, as our Arabella sweetly hinted just now, arises from an apprehension of something being amiss in ourselves, or others. But who or what is it that apprehends, in this case? Is it guilt that is afraid or ashamed of guilt? No surely. It is virtue alone, that can fear or be ashamed of the neighbourhood of its adversary.

I will take an instance from a person who is actually guilty of something very enormous; and who blushes, on his being questioned or suspected of the transgression. His blushing here demonstrates his sensibility; and his sensibility demonstrates some principal within him, that disapproved and reproached him for what he had committed. And so long as this spark or principle remains unquenched in the soul; so long as the wicked themselves can feel compunction, and be ashamed of wickedness; so long their recovery is not to be desired of.

It is, therefore, from the fountain of virtue alone, that this flush of shamefacedness can

possibly flow; and a delicacy of compunction on such occasions, is as a sensitive plant of virtue in the soul, that feels, shrinks, and is alarmed on the slightest apprehension of approaching evil.

Well, Sir, said Arabella, allowing all that you have advanced in behalf of blushers, (and that is doing them more favour than I fear they deserve) can it amount to more than this, that, however faulty they may be, they still have goodness enough to acknowledge their guilt; or in other words, that they have the justice to be ashamed of themselves?

Yes, Madam, said Mr Fenton, it amounts to much more, and you know that it does. But you are a wicked little sophister, and deserve to be punished, by our yielding to you the cause that you have undertaken against yourself.

When I observed that nothing but virtue could undesignedly express a disapprobation of vice, I ought further to have observed, that the greater and the purer, the more excellent and more vivid that this virtue is, the more apt it will be to take alarm at the bare apprehension of having said or done, or of being suspected to have said, or done, or thought of any thing amiss, or contrary to its own nature.

As far as a guilty person loves and is reconciled to guilt, it becomes a part of himself and he cannot blush at it. But goodness will

blush

blush in a closet, in a desert, in darkness, on fearing it was in danger to have said or done any thing unbecoming or disgusting to its own sensibilities: for a delicate virtue is like a delicate chastity, that will blush to have been seen, or even suspected to have been seen within the suburbs of Drury.

But again, where such a delicate virtue is accompanied by lowliness, there needs not any thing amiss, nor the slightest apprehension of any thing amiss, to excite this sweet confusion in the soul and in the countenance. Humility will blush to be found in the presence of those whom it reveres; it will blush to be thought of, either too meanly or too highly, by those whose favourable opinion it wishes to merit.

This graceful effusion of a virtuous and humble heart is, as I once hinted, the highest, and generally the most grateful compliment that a person can pay to the company; as it is an expression of deference, and a comparative acknowledgment of superior merit. But it is more peculiarly amiable in your sex, Mrs. Clement; it is that shamefacedness so grateful to God and man, and which in scripture, is called the most becoming clothing, and the best ornament of a woman.

However, my dear child, as this emotion is generally attended with some little matter of pain; the present company are too much your friends, to receive any kind of pleasure

from a compliment as unmerited as it is wholly unnecessary. And, in truth, there is but one thing that I can think of, for which Mrs Clement ought to blush.

Pray, Sir, dont hold me in pain, what is I beseech you? It is for being a reproach most to her whole sex.

Ah, Sir, cried Arabella, rising smiling and blushing, and curtsying down to the ground excuse me if I dont stay to hear myself so abused; and, turning away, she swam and disappeared in an instant.

As soon as she was gone, Clement took out his purse of a hundred guineas. And pray, Sir, said he, what shall I do with all this money? O, as for that matter, said Mr Fenton, I know people not half so ingenious as you are, who could quickly contrive to get rid of a much larger sum. Lay it out in decent clothing for yourself and your Arabella, and I will find some way to have you reimbursed. In short, Harlowel, I cannot think of parting with you, if my fortune may serve for a sufficient cement. I will pay you two hundred guineas yearly while you stay with me; and I will settle on you one thousand pounds, in case of my mortality, to put you into some little station of independence.

Sir, Sir, cried Clement, hesitatingly, you oppress me, you—Hush, hush, said Mr Fenton putting his hand to his mouth, no compliments

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ments, my dear friend. it is not your thanks but your services that I want; and you may readily make them more than an equivalent to such matters. I value the instilling of a single principle of goodness or honour into the mind of my dear Harry; beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit. Ah, Hammel, why was not that brat of yours a girl instead of a boy? She might one day have been the wife of my precious Harry; and I might then have had some of the breed of this wonderful Arabella.

But, Hammy, continued Mr Fenton, I would not have you, through any zeal or attachment to me, think of pushing my boy into learning of the languages, beyond his own pleasure. Neither would I have you oppress or perplex his infant-mind with the deep or mysterious parts of our holy religion. First, be it your care to instruct him in morality; and let the law precede the gospel, for such was the education which God appointed for the world. Give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn, from this day forward, to distinguish between natural and imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling, daily and hourly, if possible, in a preference of manners and things that

bear an intrinsic value, to those that receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of fashion. Shew him all my Hammel, that the same toils and sufferings, the same poverty and pain, from which people now fly as they would from a plague, were once the desire of heroes, and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, captains, and philosophers, through a love of their country or of glory, of applause during life, or distinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hardship, and suffered more from a voluntary mortification and self-denial, than our church seems to require, in these days, for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a crown in the kingdom of Eternity.

So saying, Mr Fenton got up from table and observing that it was late, wished Clement a good night.

Our hero was now eight years of age; and weekly and daily continued to be exercised in feats of bodily prowess and agility; and in acts of mental benevolence, and service to mankind.

Mr Fenton had, already, provided his favourite with a dancing master, the most approved for skill in his profession; as also with a noted fencing-master, who further taught him the noble sciences of the cudgel and quarter-staff.

quarter-staff. He was now on the search for the most distinguished champion of the Bear-garden, in order to accomplish our hero in the mysteries of bruising, of wrestling, and of tripping; and having, in a short time, procured the person desired, he purchased for his Harry a small but beautiful Spanish jennett, that was perfectly dressed as they called it, or rid to the menage, and once in every week or fortnight, he accompanied his darling to the riding-house in Islington, where he saw him instructed in all the arts and elegancies of horsemanship.

Thus Harry had his little hands as full of business as they could hold. But he was naturally of an active and vivid disposition; and time, unemployed, lay upon him as the heaviest and most irksome of all burdens. He therefore, proceeded from his book to his exercises, and from one exercise to another, as an epicure does among a number of dishes, where the variety of the seasoning excites in him a new appetite to each.

On a day while Mr Fenton was abroad, Ned, who would not willingly have exchanged his unluckiness for the heirship of an estate, happened to take a little ramble through the town. He held a stick, to the end of which he had a long ferule of hollow tin, which he could take off at pleasure; and from the extremity of the ferule, there arose a small collateral pipe, in an angle of about forty-five degrees.

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grees. He had filled this serule with puddle water; which by sudden pressure of the stick he could squirt out, to double the height of his own stature.

On his return he saw an elderly gentleman advancing, whose shadow being lengthened by the declining sun, attended with a slow and stately motion. As Ned approached, he exclaimed, with a well counterfeited fear, Look! what's that behind you? take care of yourself, Sir, for Heaven's sake, take care!

The gentleman, alarmed hereat, instantly started, turned pale, and looked terrified behind him, and on either side; when Ned, not covering his countenance, said, O Sir, I beg pardon, I believe it is nothing but your shadow. What firrah, cried the gentleman, in a tone highly exasperated, have you learned no better manners than to banter your superiors? and then, lifting a cane switch, he gave our merry companion a few smart strokes across the shoulders.

FRIEND. This, I presume, must be some very respectable personage, some extraordinary favourite of yours; since, within a few lines, you style him, three or four times, by your "most venerable of all titles, the title of a Gentleman."

AUTHOR. Sir, I would not hold three words of conversation with any man, who did not deserve

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deserve the appellation of Gentleman, by many degrees better than this man does.

FR. Why then do you write or speak with such acknowledged impropriety?

AUT. I think for myself, but I speak for the people. I may think as I please, for I understand my own thoughts; but, would I be understood when I speak to others also, I must speak with the people; I must speak in common terms, according to their common or general acceptance.

There is no term, in our language, more common than that of Gentleman; and whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet, perhaps no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine Gentleman, a pretty Gentleman, much of a Gentleman, Gentleman-like, something of a Gentleman, nothing of a Gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a bagg, tassel'd waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box,

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box, and sword knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a Gentleman.

A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by being casually conversant in high life, has passed a man current thro' many companies for—a Gentleman.

In the country a laced hat and long whip make—a Gentleman.

In taverns and in brothels, he who is the most of a bully is the most of—a Gentleman.

With heralds, every esquire is indisputably—a Gentleman.

And the highway-man in his manner of taking your purse; and your friend, in his manner of debauching your wife; may however be allowed to have—much of the Gentleman.

FR. As you say, my friend, our ideas of this matter are very various and adverse. In our own minds, perhaps, they are also indetermined; and I question if any man has formed; to himself, a conception of this character with sufficient precision. Pray—was there any such character among the philosophers?

AUT. Plato, among the philosophers, was “the most of a man of fashion;” and therefore allowed, at the court of Syracuse, to be—the most of a Gentleman.

But seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages, we have no term

any way adequate, whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty Gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which Cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, whoredom, gambling, cheating, lying, &c. the practitioners assumed the new title of Gentlemen, till such Gentlemen became as plentiful as stars in the milky-way; and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre.

Wherefore, as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and distinctions for severing the general herd from the nobler species—of Gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices, and a freedom that cast off the restraints

straints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of a God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics of—a Gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of—a Gentleman.

If the common sort, by their conduct, declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges of—a Gentleman.

If the lower set shew a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate, that complaisance to inferior, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere of—a Gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors, and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution; it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery,

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branchery, irreligion, &c. the gentry, in order to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance and piety, may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics of—a Gentleman.

FR. From what you have said it appears, that the most general idea which people have formed of a Gentleman, is that of a person of fortune, above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern Gentlemen; for, whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a Gentleman to conform.

AUT. And yet, I apprehend, that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a Gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

FR. By what you say, I perceive that we have not yet touched on your most reverable all characters. I am quite impatient to hear
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your definition, or rather description of your favourite Gentleman.

AUT. The very first time you tire, I will indulge you, if you desire it.

CHAP. X.

NED was not of a temper to endure much without attempting at retaliation; and directing the pipe of his ferule to the front of his adversary, he suddenly discharged the full contents in his eyes and face, and upon his clothing; and strait taking to his heels, he hoped to get in at the door, before the stranger could clear his sight to take notice where he sheltered.

Ned however happened, at this time, to be somewhat over-sanguine in his expectations. Mr Sparle, for that was the name of the party bespattered, had just cleared one eye, in season, to remark where his enemy entered; and hastening home, he washed, undressed, and shifted his linen and clothes, with less passion and fewer curses by the half, than he conceived to be due to so outrageous an insult.

Mr Sparle had himself been a humourist in

his time, and had acquired a pretty competence by very fashionable means; such as gambling, bearing testimony for a friend in distress, procuring intelligence for the ministry, and wenching for the peerage. He had, some years ago, been bullied into marriage by the relations of a young termagant, while he attempted to take such a sample of her charms as might enable him to recommend her to an acquaintance of quality. She was neither gentle by nature, nor polished by education; she liked nothing of her husband except his fortune; and they lived together in a state of perpetual altercation, and mutual disgust.

Old age, and a quarrelsome companion for life, seldom happen to be sweeteners of the human temper; and Mr Snarle had now acquired such a quantum of the infirmities both of body and mind, as might justly apologize for a peevish disposition. He had lately taken a handsome house on the hill for the benefit of the air. As soon as he had reclaimed himself from the pickle into which Ned had put him, he sent to enquire the name and character of the owner of that house where he had taken refuge; and being sufficiently apprised of what he wanted to know, he walked toward Mr Fenton's, hastening his pace with the spirit and expectation of revenge.

Mr Fenton had arrived but a little before, and desiring to know Mr Snarle's commands,

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he was informed, in terms the most aggravating and inveterate, of the whole course and history of Ned's misbehaviour. The delinquent thereupon was called up to instant trial. He honestly confessed the facts, but pleaded in mitigation, the beating that Mr Snarle had already given him: but as Mr Fenton did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural perversity of a disposition, that otherwise was not void of merit, a rod was immediately brought, and Andrew was ordered to hold Ned and Frank to flog the criminal in presence of the party aggrieved.

During this operation, Mr Snarle observed that Frank's hand did not altogether assent to the benevolence of his own heart; whereupon he furiously snatched the rod from him, and began to lay at Ned with might and main. Hereat Mr Fenton ordered Andrew to let the boy down, and observing that he would not further interfere in a cause where the appeal was assumed judgment and execution to himself, he carelessly turned his back upon Mr Snarle and left him to cool his passions by his evening's walk homeward.

Poor Ned was more afraid of Mr Fenton's displeasure, than he would have been of a father's brother to the whipping he had got. But Mr Fenton was too generous to add the severity of his own countenance to the weight of Frank's.

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Frank's hand, and Ned was quickly reinstated in the good graces of the family.

His genius however returned, with an involuntary bent, toward obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had received from Mr Snarle, provided he might retaliate without fear of detection; and he was not slow in contriving very adequate means.

There was a villager in Hampstead, about ten years of age, who had conceived an uncommon kindness for Ned on account of his sprightliness, his wit and good humour. To this condoling friend he had imparted his grievances; and on him alone he depended for execution of the project proposed for redress.

On a certain moonless night they mustered four tame cats, and having bound some feuze round three or four inches of the extremity of each of their tails, they lodged them together in a bag; and somewhat after supper-time, when all the town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the house of Mr Snarle. There Ned's friend, with his knife, dexterously picked away the putty from a pane of the window of a side-chamber, where no light appeared; and having put fire to the feuze of each tail successively, they slipped their cats, one by one, in at the window; and again having pegged the pane into its place, they

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with-

withdrew to a little distance to watch the issue.

The poor cats remained silent, and universally inoffensive, while they felt no damage. But as soon as the fire had seized on their tails they began to speak to you in a language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to sentiments and sounds of diabolical intention.

Mr and Mrs Snarle had been jangling over the fire in an opposite parlour, when their dispute was suddenly settled by this outcry, which they imagined, of a legion of infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a countenance of pale and contagious panic at each other. But George the footman, a strong and bold fellow, having just before entered on some business to his master, turned and run to the chamber from whence the peal came. He threw open the door with his wonted intrepidity; but this was as far as mortal courage could go: for the cats spying a passage where by, as they conceived, they might fly from their pain, rushed suddenly and jointly on the face and breast of George, and back he fell with a cry of terror and desperation. On however went the cats, and flying into the parlour, one fastened a claw in each cheek of Mr Snarle: and as his lady screamed out and clapped her hands before her face, another fastened with four fangs on her best Brussels head

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and rent and tore away after a lamentable manner.

The chamber-maid and cook hearing the uproar from the kitchen, were afraid to ascend, and still more afraid to stay below alone; they therefore crept softly and trembling up stairs. The torture the cats were in did not permit them to be attached to any single object. They had quitted Mr and Mrs Snarle, and now flew about the parlour, smashing, dashing, and overturning piers, glasses and china, and whatever came in their way, as though it had been the very palace of Pandemonium itself.

George was again on his legs; his master and mistress had eloped from the parlour, and met the two maids in the middle of the entry. They concluded, *nem. con.* to get as speedily as they might from the ministers of darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the street-door; but alas! this was not possible; one of the devils guarded the pass, and clinging to the great lock with all his talons, growled and relled in the dialect of twenty of the damned. The stairs however remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their fright, that it could not be done in the way of a race.

As they mounted by the help of the walls and the banisters, says Mrs Snarle to her mate, in a languid and soft voice, My dear and my jewel,

jewel, it is all along of you that I am thus haunted; your old friend, I find, makes no distinction of persons; and when he comes to take you home, as come he will; 'tis twenty to one but he takes me for company. Indeed, my angel, cries Mr Snarle, in a tone of like complacency, I should much rather he would be pleased to take me single, wherever it may be his good pleasure to carry me; for I know of nothing that I have done so heinous neither, to have one damnation heaped on the top of the other.

Having scaled as far as the dinning-room, they all entered and bolted the door, and Mr Snarle, opening a window, saw a large party of neighbours who had gathered below. What is the matter, Sir, cried one of them, what is the meaning of this horrible uproar and din? one would think that hell was empty, and that all its inhabitants were come to keep carnival in your house.

O, a ladder, a ladder, cries Mr Snarle, deliver us, good people, good Christian people, a ladder, we beseech ye, a ladder, a ladder! this indeed, cries a wag, is the last good turn an honest fellow has occasion for.

The ladder was soon brought, and this pious-nick-tricken family were helped down, and charitably conducted to the great inn of St George and the Dragon; where, with the help of sack-whey, warm beds, and their remaining

remaining terrors, they got a hearty sweat, and were somewhat composed by ten o'clock next morning. They then got up, and having breakfasted on a pot of milled chocolate, they hurried to London, without adventuring to send to the haunted mansion for any change of clothes or linen; for they would rather have put on garments that had been dipt in the blood of Nessus, than have touched any thing in a house of which, with the furniture, plate, bedding, and other appurtenances, the devil, as they conceived, had taken legal and full possession.

In truth, there was scarce an inhabitant of the whole town of Hampstead who differed in opinion on this head; insomuch that, as day after day began gradually to shut in, all people who had occasion to pass by the dwelling of the late-ejected Mr Snarle, kept more and more aloof to the opposite side of the way, in proportion as their apprehensions increased with the darkness. And all things in the house remained as safe from depredation as though they had been guarded by a regiment of dragoons.

Imaginary howlings were heard by the whole neighbourhood, and still continued to issue from thence night by night; and it was firmly believed, as it was currently reported, that while Mr Snarle made his escape through the window, Satan clawed off a collar

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lop from his posteriors, in earnest of his case in remainder on a further day.

The cats, in the mean time, lived plentifully and at free cost on the cold meats which they found in the kitchen and larder; and as the anguish of their tails was now no more remembered, they kept undisturbed possession of their new acquisition; so that during their residence not even a mouse was stirring.

In about a week after Mr Snarle's departure for London, he sent an undertaker, and a friend on whom he depended, with authority to enter the haunted house, to take an inventory of all the effects, and to sell them to the inhabitants by public auction. They accordingly borrowed a ladder, and got in at the same window by which the family got out. They found all quiet, and stepping somewhat timorously down stairs, they opened the street and back doors and parlour windows, and then prevailed upon two or three reputable neighbours to enter and witness the inventory they were going to take.

The cats, in the mean time, finding all late impediments and embargoes removed, slunk silently and unperceived away, and retreated in excellent plight to their respective habitations; though Gammar Gruff and Goody Gorton gave many a curse to the rats who had so feared and mauled the tails of their tabbies.

The inventory being ended, public notice

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was given throughout the town of the sale, to begin precisely at ten the following morning. At the hour appointed, there was scarce a living animal left to continue the possession of any house in Hampstead. All crouded to see the goods and chattels of the devil sold according to law. The auctioneer mounted his oratorical eminence, and pranced and paraded for half an hour, like the sign of the Flying-Horse in Holborn, without proceeding a foot on the business on which he came. Sir, madam, good intelligent people, observe, observe, I say, yon table! what a beauty, what an admirable curiosity is there! that table, gentleman and ladies, is all of virgin-yew, taken pure and undefiled from its native forest. There's a complexion, there's a polish! it is a looking-glass in which the favourite Sultana, or daughter of the Grand Signior, might behold every charm reflected with advantage. Note the variety of its tints, the luxuriance of its veinings; how prodigal nature has been, in expending on this favourite piece of vegetation such a number of excellencies, such a profusion of beauties! Neither has art fallen short of the graces and perfections of nature herein. Mark the taste, the manner, the mouldings, how jointed and framed together, as one organized body. The operator, no doubt, took a pleasure, by his workmanship, to rival the beauties of the subject on which he wrought.—I set it up at
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five guineas—What is five guineas, my friends?—Not the half of what ye will bid at the second word—and what is five times five guineas to the intrinsic value?—The curious indeed have nothing so rare in their cabinets.—Neither ever had prince Arthur, or any of the knights of the famous round-table, the honour of sitting round such a table as this. Gentlemen—Ladies—Who bids?—You think the merit's above price, and that may discourage you—bid something—bid any thing.—It is the first article of sale—I will make a kind of present of it—I set it up at five shillings—I set it up at five pence—What the devil is come over ye, neighbours? have money and common sense quitted the world together?

Ay, ay, thought all present, the devil, the devil! that is the case indeed: and thus our orator might have been preaching, like St Anthony to the fishes, till the day of doom, before any of his dumb auditors would have returned a word of answer.

The fact is, that as the devil was a personage, however respectable, with whom the well-meaning inhabitants of this ancient village did not chuse to have any manner of dealings; neither desired to go snacks in matters of property, with beings whom they held much wiser than themselves, and of whose honesty they had but a very slender opinion; these agents

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of Mr Snarle were obliged to return, just as rich as they came, their reckoning deducted; and Mr Snarle soon found himself under the necessity of disposing those, his questionable commodities, at less than half value to some London-undertakers. But what he lost, in point of property, he gained in matter of morals; for he grew extremely cautious of adding to the measure of his former iniquities, for fear of another visit from his recent guests.

As Mr Fenton could not but be frequently surprised of these prodigies and alarms that kept all Hampstead waking, and nightly grouped every family into a single room; he compared, in his own mind, the discomfiture and punishment of the unfortunate Snarle, with the circumstances of the provocation which he had received; he found that all answered as well in point of time, as to Ned's natural unluckiness and talents of invention; yet he could scarce conceive how a child, little more than eight years of age, should be capable of contriving mischiefs, so formidable in execution, and so extensive in their consequences. Now Ned was so happy, on this singular occasion, that nothing transpired; wherefore, as Mr Fenton could produce no manner of proof, he was too delicate to ask any questions on the case; lest on one hand he should put the boy into a lie, or on the other be obliged

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liged to chastise or check him for faults that his generosity might induce him to confess.

Matters therefore with respect to Ned preserved their state of tranquillity, though Mr Fenton would often view him with an eye of wonder and suspicion; and could hardly bring himself to believe, that a boy of his extraordinary genius should be no other by birth than a beggar's brat. But here pardon me, Mr Fenton, I dissent from your opinion. With humble deference to your judgment in other matters, conceive that an infant begot on a dunghill brought forth in a pigstie, and swathed with rotten remnant of the covering of an ass, may have talents and capacity above the son of an emperor.

FRIEND. The singularity of your sentiment often strikes me with astonishment. Do you really think in a way apart from all other people? or is it a distinction that you affect! Have you set yourself at fifty cuffs with universal persuasion, with historical facts, and with the experience as well as opinion of all ages. You seem wholly to have forgot the circumstance that attended the birth and discovery of Cyrus of Oedipus, of Romulus and Remus, with thousand other instances; whereby it is evident, that the beauty, prowess, and virtues of great and glorious ancestors naturally devolve upon their offspring.

AUTHOR

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AUTHOR. The great Teutonic theosopher, Jacob Behmen, affirms, that a father begets the soul as well as body of his child; and this strongly coincides with your judgment of the matter. All animal nature also concurs in the same position; and the offspring of a lion, an eagle, and an ass, invariably partake of the qualities of their progenitors.

In the very early ages of mankind, when honour and empire, precedence and station, were assigned to superior merit alone, to prowess in the field, or wisdom in the council; it is but natural to suppose, that the more immediate descendents of such heroes or patriots inherited, in a great measure, the beauty, strength, genius, and disposition of those from whom they sprung. But some thousands of years are now passed, my good Sir, since all this matter has been totally reversed, and the world affords but very rare instances, where Washerwomen, or Shepherds, where a Catharine of Russia, or Kouli-Kan of Persia, or Theodore of Corsica, by the mere force of genius, have raised themselves from obscurity to dominion. These instances also are very far from making any thing in favour of your argument; though, unquestionably, were you to write their romance, you would, agreeable to your thesis, derive their respective pedigree from the queens of Utopia, or some emperors of *terra australis incognita*.

When time was young, when men were respected and advanced (as I said) according to their personal distinctions and accomplishments, uncommon beauty, strength, and agility of body, informed by superior genius and talents, were accounted genuine proofs of a royal or noble descent; but, in process of years, when art had introduced luxury, and luxury had introduced corruption among the great, a feeble distempered frame, informed by a perverse, pusillanimous, and impatient temper, became an indication by no means improbable of the genuine descent of a child of quality.

FA. My dear friend, be cautious; to speak lightly or degradingly of dignity and station, does not become people of a certain sphere.

AUT. With all deference and due submission to those who sit in the seat of Moses, or in the throne of Cæsar, when we speak as philosophers, we should speak independent of vulgar prejudice.

I am not insensible of that internal respect which the world is pleased to pay to external lustre. If one man acquires a crown, another a red hat, and another a coronet, by means that deserved the gibbet of Haman, they instantly become the presumptive proprietors of I know not what catalogue of fine qualities and accomplishments. Wherefore, as I am so singular, so perverse, or so unhappy, as to dis-

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far from the judgment of so wise a world in this matter, it is the more incumbent upon me to bring proofs that are self-evident, at the same time that I treat so reverable a subject with all possible delicacy.

In the first ages of ACORNS, when all that sustained the simple nature of man lay open and in common, like light and air; as people knew of nothing further that was to be had, they thought there was nothing further to be desired. As they had no wishes, they felt no wants; and neither pride, envy, covetousness, nor debauchery, could commence, before they contrived the distinctions of property and materials of intemperance, and thereby contrived the causes of quarrel and corruption.

But, as Horace says, "*quum oppida ceperunt munire,*" when they began to build, and set out land-marks, to plow and to sow, to spin and to weave, to handle the file and hammer; in proportion to the advancement of invention and arts, on necessity convenience arose, upon convenience elegance, upon elegance luxury; new desires increased, and multiplied with the means of gratification; real wishes became the offspring of imaginary wants; as those wishes waxed warm, the passions were enkindled; and the vices, lastly, grew in mathematical proportion to the growth of the passions.

All histories, as well profane as sacred, in every age, in every nation, and in every instance, bear unquestionable testimony to the above state of facts; and hence ensues the necessity of our growing worse and worse, till the pinnacle of art shall put a limit to desire, till invention shall be exhausted, and no longer prolific of new wants and additional wishes in man.

But so long as untried allurements, so long as untasted pleasures, so long as new objects can be set up to our imagination, in our eager pursuit after happiness on earth, our wishes will inflame our impatience to reach the prize; in proportion to that impatience, our endeavours will be exerted; in proportion to such exertion, the fences of law and morals will be broke through, or trampled down; and in proportion to the insufficiency of moral restraints, all sorts of fraud and violence, of licentiousness and corruption, of debauchery and profligacy, must prevail throughout the world.

FR. From what you say, I should conclude that people of wealth, of station and power are the least impassioned and the most virtuous of all living; forasmuch as they are already in possession of what their inferior so earnestly continue to thirst, and to chase and to labour after. The great are above temptation; the world has nothing further to exhibit

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exhibit for their seduction: and in this light also, they are become the most respectable of all people.

AUT. Whenever you can make it evident, that, to humble the spirit of man, you ought to place him in authority; that, to convince him of personal defaults and infirmities, you ought to inclose him with sycophants and servile dependents; that, to make him temperate, you should seat him at the table of Lucullus; and that, to humanize his disposition, you should remove him, as far as possible, from a sense of the miseries of his fellow-creatures; when, to cure a man of distempers incident to his nature, you would place him in the midst of adventitious contagion; then, and not till then, will wealth, station and power, be productive of reformation and virtue in man.

Your error lay in supposing, that sensual appetite and spiritual ambition would cease and abate on gratification, or indulgence. But this is not possible: the spirit of man is a deathless desire; its cravings cannot be satiated, till it is possessed of some object that is adequate to its nature; and as this world has no such object to exhibit, gratifications only serve to provoke to further desire, or finally to sink us into utter despondence. And this makes the moral that was intended by the philosophers, when they fabled that the son of

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of Philip broke into a passion of tears, on finding that no more worlds remained for him to conquer.

Your pardon yet, I pray—— With respect to your opinion, that the descendents of the mighty and the exalted inherit the qualities and excellencies of their progenitors, you speak as though this earth, and all that was thereon, were invariably permanent; whereas the knowing-ones will tell you, that the one and the other are subject to annual, and even diurnal, revolutions.

Perhaps there is not a beggar or slave upon earth, whose sometime progenitor was not a prince or an emperor: perhaps there is not a prince or emperor upon earth, whose sometime progenitor was not a slave or a beggar. Have you then the discernment to perceive in the beggar the lineaments of the prince, or in the prince to retrace the lineaments of the beggar? You have not, sage Sir. I will tell you a story.

The cardinal Campegius, or some such great cardinal, happened to have a dispute with the duke of Modena. Altercation rose high. Do you know, says the prince in passion, that your father was no better than my father's hog-herd? I know it full well, coolly answered the cardinal; and I am persuaded, that had your highness been the son of my father, you would have

have continued of the same profession to this day.

In such a world as this, all things are in perpetual change, rotation, and revolution; it is nature's process. As the summer and winter gradually succeed and encroach upon each other; or as the sun dawns and arises from darkness till he reaches the mid day fervour of his culminating beam, and thence declines till he sets in utter darkness; even so mighty nations, as well as families, have their commencement, ascent, and summit, their declension, decay, and period. The virtue of all nations and families begins in poverty, thence arises to industry, genius, honour, perhaps to conquest and empire; there's their zenith: but then comes on the load of ponderous wealth, that gradually weighs them down, from this meridian, to indulgence, sensuality, guilt, corruption, prostitution, slavery, perdition.

Let us now, with the eye of philosophy, consider two men in the most contrasted state that this world can admit, suppose a king and a beggar. Here the king is more highly fed, and more gaily clothed than the beggar; but these are advantages deserving estimation, behold both this luxury and lustre surpassed by the bee in the garden, and the lily in the valley. Further, whatever the native qualities of the king or beggar may be, independent

pendent of the said external or personal distinction we may, however, be assured, that an education in the midst of sensuality and deception, of the exhibition of temptations and gratification of lusts, of parasites and pandars, obeisance and prostration, of corporal indulgence and mental imposition, can be no very good friend to the virtues.

If we carry the comparison further than this, we find the body of the king to be as frail, as obnoxious to pains, disease and inclemencies, even as naked, poor, and perishable, as that of a beggar.

But if we take the eye of Faith to see further than with that of Philosophy, we behold their souls alike immortal, of equal dignity and extent: we see creatures resembling the Creator himself, breathed from his own spirit, formed in his own image, and ordained to his own beatitude and eternity. Here all other distinctions fall away and lose their respect; as an instant would do in comparison of ages, or a molehill in comparison of yon boundless expanse: and here we find a beggar, whom the king himself is bound to reverence, as being the unquestioned heir of a KING, in comparison of whom all other kings are but as beggars. How utterly vile and contemptible is all dignity and dominion, to such an heirship as this! an heirship hourly approaching, perhaps just at hand, when the magnificent ruin

of man shall be rebuilt, when his weakness shall put on power, his corruption put on glory, and his mortal be wholly swallowed up of immortality!

FR. I confess that, for once, you have convinced me. Give me leave to proceed.

CHAP. XI.

SOME time after this, Mr Fenton privately took Ned into his closet, and calling him a good boy, and giving him a few shillings to buy playthings, desired him to give the best history he could remember of himself, and his adventures before he met with Harry.

Sir, said Ned, the first thing that I remember of myself, is my going from house to house begging with my mammy. I dreamed indeed that I was once in a fine house, and among fine people, but I don't know where nor when; and so I believe, as I say, it was only a dream.

Do you remember your daddy, Ned? No, Sir, I never had a daddy that I know of. My mammy was very cross to me, and used to take from

from me all the money and victuals that I begged, and that was a great deal, for I never let people rest till they gave me something. And so, Sir, as I was saying, my mammy was very cross to me, and used to half starve me, and gave me a beating for every hour in the day.

Did she teach you your prayers, Ned? No, Sir, I believe she had no prayers to teach me; for she used to swear and scold sadly. And so, Sir, as I was telling you, we begged from door to door, sometimes in a town and sometimes in the country, till the day she ran away from me.

How came your mammy to run away from you, Ned? Why, Sir, we were begging in your town, and had got some halfpence, and filled our bag, when my mammy took up a child at the town's end, and ran with it till she got into the next fields. The child, Sir, cried sadly, and my mammy went so fast that I could not keep up with her, do my best. And so we heard a man shouting behind us, and my mammy turned and saw him running after her very fast, and so she threw down the child and her great bag on the ground, and made the best of her way to the next hedge, and got through it, Sir; and so I never saw any more of her.

What became of the child, Neddy? When the man, Sir, came up, he lifted it off the ground, and he kissed it a great many times, and

and made it quiet; and I am thinking he was so glad to see it, he took no notice of me; howsomever, he took up my mammy's great bag, and turned back and went the way he came. Then, Sir, I felt a crying and roaring terribly to be left alone, and to have nobody in the world who would have any thing to say to me; and I wished for my mammy again, bad as she was to me; and I strove to follow her through the hedge, but was not able. And so I saw a great house on one side, and I was very sad when I went to it: and there it was that I met my own young master, and he put clothes upon me with his own dear hands, and he took me to himself, and he is ever since so kind to me, that it troubles me very much; for I can do nothing at all for him, you know, Sir, and that grieves me more than all the world.

Well, Neddy, says Mr Fenton, do not cry my child. Be a good boy, and mind your book, and be sure you tell no lies, nor do mischief to any body; and I will take care of you, and be a father to you myself. But tell me, Ned, would you know the woman you call your mammy, if you should see her again? Yes, yes, Sir, cried Ned. There was not a day of my life but she gave me reason to remember her; I should know her from all the world, if I was not to see the face of her for a hundred years to come.

I find, Ned, you are not over fond of your mammy. No indeed, Sir, answered Ned; I love master Harry's little finger, and I would love yourself if I dared, Sir, better than a thousand such mammies as mine was; and that I suppose is very naughty; for all good children, they say, love their fathers and mothers. Well, Ned, says Mr Fenton, if you happen at any time to see her among the great numbers of beggars that come to our door, don't you speak to her, or shew that you take the least notice of her, but come and tell me, or honest James in my absence, that we may take care of her, and force her to confess whether she is, in reality, your mother or not.

While Mr Fenton was speaking, Andrew entered with tidings that a chariot was overturned not twenty yards from the door; and that he feared the people in it were much hurt. Mr Fenton's humanity was much alarmed at the news; he ordered the servant to follow him, and instantly hurried out to give all the assistance he could to the strangers.

The chariot happened to be overturned by the slipping out of one of the linch-pins that kept the wheel on the axle-tree. The company had already got out. They were an agreeable young couple, Mr Fielding and his wife who had come from London on purpose to take an airing on the hill. Mrs Fielding had

suffered nothing, except from her fears; but Mr Fielding's right arm was something bruised, by his endeavouring to preserve his lady in the fall.

Mr Fenton appeared the greatest sufferer of the three, and addressed the strangers with a countenance that convinced them how feelingly he was interested in their safety. He left Andrew to have the chariot set to rights; and having conducted his new guests to his own house, he ordered up a bottle of sack and some Naples cakes to the parlour.

When they were all seated, and the glass had gone round, I find, Sir, said Mr Fielding, that people are apt to be disgusted with what they call accidents, and which may afterward turn out to their greatest advantage. Perhaps I should never have known what true humanity was, if our carriage had not been overturned this day. If you knew all, said Mr Fenton, with a tender bluntness, you would be far from laying any humanity at my door; since I rejoice at an accident, where the damage is all yours, and the advantage that arises from it is all my own.

I would hold fifty to one, cried Mrs Fielding, that this is the very Mr Fenton we have heard so much about. Indeed madam, said Mr Fenton, you surprise me much; if I had the pleasure of ever knowing you, there is

something in that face I should not have readily forgot.

No, Sir, said Mrs Fielding. I speak from information. I never had the happiness of being known to you till now. We have a fosterer in this village, Rose Jenkins, a poor widow, one of those many persons you have down in your list. She was nurse to our only child; while he lived and was with us, she was a constant visitant, but as soon, as soon as— Here Mrs Fielding hesitated, her lip trembled, and her eye glistened with a filling tear—I say, Sir, as soon as a very sad affair happened, the poor woman came near us no more. One day, as we were taking the air through this town, I thought I saw a face that was familiar to me. I called to the coachman to stop. It was my old nurse. She had a family of small children, and had fallen sadly to decay, before you came, Mr Fenton, to settle in the town. I chid her for becoming a stranger to us. Ah madam, said the kind creature, the tears bursting from her eyes, how could I go near a place where every thing would put me in mind of my dear lost child—she still continued to weep—and I—wept for company—I put a guinea in her hand, and insisted on her coming to see us. She did so. It was then, Mr Fenton, that we learned your name and character, and you must expect the mortification, now and then, of hearing a little of those many things

things that are spoken to your advantage. I am sorry, madam, said Mr Fenton, that my nothings should be talked of, lest it should intimate that other people are less ostentatious.

Mrs Fielding was still affected by what she had been saying; and though Mr Fenton wished to know what the sad affair was at which she had hinted, he declined asking any questions, for fear of renewing her affliction.

Mr and Mrs Clement had walked abroad, upon a visit, with their pupil Harry; so that Mr Fenton and his friend Ned, with Mr and Mrs Fielding, made the whole of the present company.

You are happily situated, Sir, says Mr Fielding. I blame myself, and all others, who have any independence, and yet live in a city. Health, pleasure, and spirits are all for the country. Did any poets or philosophers ever place their golden æras, or golden scenes amidst such a town as London? A man can scarce be himself; he is confused and dissipated by the variety of objects and bustle that surrounds him. In short, Sir, I am like many others, the reverse in persuasion of what I am in practice; I live in a city, although I detest it. It is true that I am fond of society and neighbourhood; but experience has shewn me that London is not the place in which I can enjoy it.

No, Sir, said Mr Fenton! if I was a lover of solitude, if I wished to be the most recluse of all anchorites that bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would chuse London for my cell. It is in such a city alone, that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hailstone amidst a great shower; he jumps and bustles about a while, then he snugs among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

I am not for a cell, Sir, replied Mr Fielding; I love society, but yet a society that is founded on friendship; and people in great cities are so divided and dissipated by the multitude of soliciting objects and acquaintance, that they are rendered incapable of a particular attachment. I imagine, however, that in a well peopled and civilized part of the country, a man might make an election of persons deserving his esteem, such as he would wish to live with, in a happy interchange of kind offices and affections. This, indeed, is my plan for my remainder of life; but the law-suit in which I am at present involved, will not permit me to go in search of my Utopia.

At law! exclaimed Mr Fenton; then, Sir, you are much to be blamed, or much to be pitied.

I hope rather to be pitied than blamed, rejoined

joined Mr Fielding. Four suits descended to me on the part of my own father, and three on the part of the father of my wife; and my adversaries, on all sides, are such cocks of the game, that no overtures can induce them to listen to any terms of compromise or accommodation:

If matters of wealth or property, said Mr Fenton, are really matters of valuable estimation in life, it is much to be lamented that there is no place on earth wherein property can be said to be fixed or ascertained. Throughout the regions of Mahomet, and Asiatic despotism, life and property are alike tenures at the will of the ruler. Again, throughout the European continent, no man, indeed no nation, can be assured of their possessions, exposed as they are to the ambition and avarice of their almost perpetually invading neighbours. Lastly, in these northern islands, whose defence Nature herself appears to have undertaken by a guardianship of circling rocks and seas; this does not however defend us from intestine convulsions and changes. Think what a general change of property has been made in Great Britain during the two very late revolutions; I am told that, in a neighbouring country, the alienation has been nearly universal; perhaps a third revolution is also at hand.

It is affirmed, that the civil constitution of
England

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England is the best calculated for the security of liberty and property, of any that ever was framed by the policy of man ; and originally, perhaps, it might have been so, when twelve simple and impartial men were appointed for the speedy trial and determination of life and property.

Our ancestors, unquestionably, were at that time unblest by the liberal and learned profession of the Long-Robe ; they would not otherwise have committed the disposition of property (a matter held so much more valuable than that of life) to a few men, who could have no virtue under heaven to recommend them, save the two illiterate qualities of common sense and common honesty.

Those were ages of mental darkness, and no way illumined, as we are, by those immense and immaculate volumes of refined and legal metaphysics that now press the shelves of the learned, and are read with such delight. A man in those times had no play for his money ; he was either stript or enriched of a sudden ; whereas now, in the worst cause, hope is left during life ; and hope is said to be the greatest cordial in this vale of human controversy.

It is greatly to be lamented, that the learned in our laws, are not as immortal as the suits for which they are retained. It were therefore to be wished, that an act of parliament

ment.

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ment might be especially passed for that purpose; a matter no way impracticable, considering the great interest those gentlemen have in the house. In truth, it seems highly expedient, that an infinity of years should be assigned to each student of the belles lettres of our laws, to enable them to read over that infinity of volumes which have already been published; to say nothing of the infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally necessary for understanding the profession, of critically distinguishing and oratorically expatiating on law against law, case against case, authority against authority, precedent against precedent, statute against statute, and argument against reason.

In matters of no greater moment than life and death, juries, as at the beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the hearing and decision; but, in matters so sacred as that of property, our courts are extremely cautious of too early an error in judgment. In order therefore to sift and bould them to the very bran, they are delivered over to the lawyers, who are equally the affirmers and disputers, the pleaders and impleaders, representatives and misrepresenters, explainers and confounders of our laws; our lawyers therefore maintain their right of being paid for their ingenuity, in putting and holding all proper-
ties in debate. Debated properties consequently

quently become the properties of the lawyers, as long as answers can be given to bills, or replies to answers, or rejoinders to replies, or rebutters to rejoinders; as long as the battledores can strike and bandy, and till the shuttle-cock falls of itself to the ground.

Soberly and seriously speaking, English property, when once debated, is merely a carcass of contention, upon which interposing lawyers fall as customary prize, and prey during the combat of the claimants. While any flesh remains on a bone, it continues a bone of contention; but so soon as the learned practitioners have picked it quite clean, the battle is over, and all again is peace and settled neighbourhood.

It is worthy of much pleasantry and shaking of sides to observe, that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely perplexing cases, where the finges of the gown and coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the matter; they then bequeath it to the arbitration and award of two or three plain men; or, by record, to the judgment of twelve simple honest fellows, who, casting aside all regard to the form of writs and declarations, to the lapse of months, syllables, verbal mistakes and misnomers, enter at once upon the pith and marrow of the business, and in three hours determine, according to equity and truth, what had been suspending in the dubious scales of ratiocination.

sion, quotation, altercation, and pecuniary consideration, for three and twenty years.

Neither do I see any period to the progress of this evil; the avenue still opens, and leads on to further mischiefs; for the distinctions in law are, like the Newtonian particles of matter *divisible ad infinitum*. They have been dividing and subdividing for some centuries past, and the subdivisions are as likely to be subdividing for ever; insomuch that law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable, is become a greater grievance than all that it was intended to redress.

I lately asked a pleasant gentleman of the coif, if he thought it possible for a poor man to obtain a decree, in matter of property, against a rich man? he smiled, and answered according to scripture, that "with man it was impossible, but that all things were possible to God." I suppose he meant, that the decrees of the courts of Westminster were easier to be reversed.

Perhaps, Sir, said Mr Fielding, neither our laws nor our lawyers are so much to blame, as the people who apply to them for protection, for justice, satisfaction, or revenge. Might not the parties, who adventure on the course of litigation, begin where they are most likely to end their career, in the award of a few pence, or a verdict of twelve neighbours.

But the nature of man is prone to contention

tion and quarrel. There is a certain portion of yeast or fermentation in his mass, that will have vent in some way; and our courts of law are the most obvious receptacles for the ebullitions of pride, avarice, envy, resentment, and wrathfulness, the insolence of temper, and overflowings of fortune.

Mr Scruple, an attorney, a very singular man in his way, was lately recommended to me as a person equally qualified for alluring or compelling my litigating opponents to an accommodation; and he told me an exceeding pleasant story, as well respecting the process and forms of our courts of law, as respecting the contentious disposition of our neighbours.

Some time since, Walter Warmhouse a substantial farmer in Essex, was advised by Serjeant Craw, that he had an unquestionable right to a certain tenement in the possession of Barnaby Boniface, his next neighbour and gossip, who fattened by the dint of good ale and good humour.

Barnaby, who equally hated debate and dry bowels, offered to leave the matter in question to any honest neighbours of Walter's own choosing; but Walter, proud of a weighty opinion, and as weighty a purse, rejected the proffered compromise with scorn, and took a mortal aversion to honest Barnaby, because he refused to surrender his possessions on demand.

Walter Warmhouse accordingly began the attack

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attack in form ; but Mr Scruple, who had the uncommon conscience to remember that Barnaby had once recovered his purse from a highwayman, determined, as far as possible, to preserve the property of his old friend. For this purpose, he kept warily and cheaply on the defensive ; and, while he held a watchful eye over the motions of the adversary, he followed him close through a thirteen years labyrinth of law-forms ; and, what with exceptions to bills and replies, expensive commissions for examination of witnesses, demurrer, imparlance, and assign, with hearings and re-hearings, defer of issue thereon, costs of suit and costs of office, he pretty nearly exhausted both the purse and the patience of the valorous plaintiff Walter Warmhouse. Whereupon his prudent patron, the good serjeant Craw, deemed it high time to consent to a motion for referring the case to the arbitration and award of certain umpires, though not of his client's choosing, as at first proposed.

Soon after this order, serjeant Craw had occasion to travel to the farther parts of Essex, and his road led to the concerns of his old client Walter Warmhouse. Here Walter happened to meet him, and warned him of the manifold dangers of the way, and of the numbers of thieves and highwaymen that infested the passages that lay just before him. And say then, very smoothly says the serjeant, is

there no way through your fields, Mr Warmhouse? There is, Sir, said Warmhouse, as good as any in England. And may I not be permitted to pass? Most safely, and a thousand welcomes.

Hereupon client Warmhouse opened the gate that led from the road into the fields, and in issued the equipage of his learned advocate and kind patron.

Goodman Warmhouse was mounted on a round ambling nag, and rode much at his ease by the chariot of his malefactor. They chatted, as they went, about the prices of cattle, and improvement of lands, the fall and rise of grain, the necessity of industry; and, above all, of the advantage of good inclosures, which, as the serjeant observed, were emblems of the English laws, and secured every man's property from question or encroachment.

While thus they beguiled the way, Walter led his respectable patron through this field and that field, and through yon gate and t'other gate, and now went a head like a fox and now doubled like a hare; till, having mazed it and circled it for the space of three hours, he finally conducted the serjeant to the very gate at which he had first entered.

How, how! exclaims the serjeant, methinks we are just where we set out; we have not gained an inch of ground by the many miles we have travelled!

Quint

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Quite as much, replied Walter, in a journey of three hours, as your honour gained for me in a journey of thirteen years; and I leave you, as you left me——just where you found me.

Your story, cried Mr Fenton, is as pleasant as it is apt; and reminds me of an observation made by Henry the IVth of France, that is equally pertinent to the subject.

A certain judge of a court of law, in that kingdom, had grown aged on the bench, and honoured by the innumerable sentences which he had passed, and which were all deemed conformable to the most perfect measure and dispensation of equity. The gainers of the several suits applauded his discernment and justice to the skies; and even the losers allowed that they had no right to complain. The fame of his wisdom and integrity reached the throne; the monarch was curious to see a judge of so peculiar a cast and character; and he sent for him under colour of thanking him for the great honours which he had done to his re-
gency.

After a most gracious reception, and some compliments at the levee, the prince took him apart, and in confidence said,

“My lord judge, the infinite complaints that come before me from all parts of the kingdom, respecting the erroneous or iniquitous sentences daily passed by your fraternity, cast the highest lustre on the singularity of your conduct, and

give me an eager curiosity to know by what measures you have been enabled to content all parties. I adjure you then, by all that you reverence, to disguise nothing from me on this head. You have not any thing to fear from my censure of means that have proved so very successful, and you have all things to hope from my approbation."

The judge, thereupon, cast himself at the feet of his prince, and, rising, addressed him thus :

"To you, my sovereign, as to heaven, I will open my whole soul.—In the first place, in order to enable myself to give a guess whether the judgments to be pronounced might be right or wrong, I gave all possible attention to the merits of each case during the process; I daily took minutes of the pleadings on either side; I enlarged and commented on those minutes while matters were fresh in my memory; and I never interrupted any cause, till it had run itself out of breath through the circuit of forms and due course of law.

In the next place, may it please your majesty, I never took bribe or present of any kind, or from any hand, lest favour or inclination should insensibly tempt me to cogg, or give a partial turn to the final cast.

Thus prepared, as soon as matters were ripe for a decree—that is to say, as soon as the respective lawyers had agreed among themselves

that nothing more was to be said, or any thing more to be got, on either side of the question, I summoned up the repugnant merits so equally and impartially, with respect to circumstance, evidence, and ordinance of law, as induced both parties, now wearied and wishing for rest, to think that the decree must inevitably be given against themselves; and having appointed a certain hour for uttering the fatal sentence, I got up under visible concern, and retired.

From the bench, so please your graciousness, I withdrew to my closet; and having locked myself up, I called upon my tutelary and never-failing directors in the solution of all knots, and unwinding of all intricacies; in short, I went to a little drawer, and took out——my box and dice.”

“Box and dice!” exclaimed the monarch, half starting from his seat. “Yes, sire, replied the judge, I repeat it, box and dice. And if your majesty will be pleased to attend for a few moments, I trust to convince you of the propriety of this proceeding.

Humanum est errare. This, my liege, is a maxim that has never yet been controverted by precept or by practice; and it is as much as to say, that life is a mere labyrinth of errors, in which all men are appointed to travel and to stray.

Nothing, save number and measure, is yet determined.

determined upon earth : nothing is certain, save that two and two make four, and that lines are equal, or differ according to their dimensions.

All men, further than this, depend upon reason, as their enlightener and director in the search of truth : and yet reason itself has nothing, whereon it may rest or depend. It first doubts, and then proceeds to examine : it calls in evidence and arguments, on this side and on that side, *pro* and *con* : it compares, canvasses, and discusses ; sifts and bouts matters, suppose to the very bran : it endeavour to poise the scales of its own uncertainty, and now recovers some lapsed circumstance, and casts it into this scale ; and again throws some new proof or discovery into that scale, and so changes its opinion from day to day : while prejudice and partiality stand invisibly at its elbow, and at length determine the long-suspended balance, by casting their own weights into one scale or the other, according as interest or pleasure would wish to preponderate.

Truth, so please your supremacy, has been sunk in so very deep a well, as to mock the five-inched fathom of mere human ratiocination ; whether it be a dealer or retailer of physics or metaphysics ; of the distinctions in law or the distinctions in philosophy : and I flatter myself that I alone, the least and most unlikely of all your majesty's subjects, have hit upon a method

method for fishing up truth, by a line which I acknowledge is not of my own twisting.

Within my memory, and nearly within that of your majesty, particular laws have been in force for trial by combat, and trial by ordeal; and though at present those laws are held to have been iniquitous and wholly absurd, they could not have been instituted without just and ponderous reasons. They related, my liege, as my sentences do, to the interposition of Providence in the Jewish lots; whereby all doubts, however general, could be speedily ascertained; where the nation drew lots according to tribes, the tribes according to families, and the families by individuals, till the criminal was detected.

Thus, in trial by combat, I have known and read of manifold instances, wherein guilty courage and prowess have been foiled by the weak and fearful: and, in trial by ordeal, heaven never failed to guide the steps of the hoodwinked innocent between the narrow intervals of the burning plowshares. And thus, conscious of my own infirmity and blindness, I have referred all my decrees to a power of better discernment; and he never failed to determine according to truth."

"Indeed, said the monarch, I cannot wholly disapprove your method, when I reflect on your motive. And according to your account, when I think on the plague and anxiety, loss
of

of time and loss of fortune, to which my subjects are put by these professors of the law; you have clearly convinced me, my good lord judge, that it would be infinitely better to cast dice at the beginning, than to give the most righteous judgment at the end of any lawsuit."

While the Gentlemen were thus plunged in the bottomless gulph of the law, Mrs Fielding beckoned Ned to a remote part of the room, and was greatly taken with his lively and innocent chat.

Pray, Mr Fenton, said she, is this your son? No, madam, said Mr Fenton, we know not to whom he belongs, poor fellow; and I am persuaded from many circumstances, that he was stolen, in his infancy, from his true parents.

Mrs Fielding instantly coloured like scarlet; and, casting at her husband an eager and animated look, Gracious Heaven! she exclaimed, who knows, my dear, but this may be our precious, our lost and long lamented boy, to whom Providence this day has so wonderfully conducted us?

Madam, said Mr Fenton, it is thought that hundreds of children are yearly spirited away from their parents, by gipsies, by beggars, to excite charity, and by kidnappers to carry to the plantations; but I hear of very few that ever have been restored, except in romance.

Pray,

Pray, had you any particular memorandum or mark whereby you would know him to be your child, on the presumption of his being found?

Alas! no, Sir, said Mrs Fielding; he was scarce two years old when his nurse got leave to go and see a relation, the only visit, poor woman, that she made from the time she took my child to the breast. She left him in the care of the house-maid, who used to caress him with particular tenderness. He stood with her at the door; some one called her in suddenly, but, quickly returning, my child was gone!

Ah! could the wretches who took him have guessed at the heart rending anguish which that loss cost me, it were not in the nature of barbarians, of brutes, of fiends themselves, to have imagined a deed of such deadliness. For three days and nights, life hovered like a flame that was just departing, and was only retained by my frequent and long swoonings, that, for a time, shut up all sense and recollection. Neither do I think that my dear husband suffered much less than myself, however he might constrain and exert his spirits to keep up, as it were, some appearance of manliness.

We dispatched cryers throughout the city, and through all the neighbouring towns, with offers of vast recompence to any who should discover and restore our child to us; and we continued,

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continued, for years, to advertize him in all the public papers. But, alas, he must have been taken by some very illiterate wretches who could not read, and who never heard of the rewards that were offered; their own interest must otherwise have engaged them to return him. Pray, Mr Fenton, how did you come by this pretty boy?

Here Ned assisted Mr Fenton to give a detail, respecting himself, of the circumstances already recited; and Mr Fenton mentioned the precaution he had taken for seizing his former mammy, if ever she should make her appearance.

If heaven should ever bless me with more children, said Mr Fielding, I have determined to fix some indelible mark upon them, such as that of the Jerusalem Letters, that, in case of accident, I may be able to discover and ascertain my own offspring from all others. Such a precaution, said Mr Fenton, is more especially incumbent on those who send their children abroad to be nursed; where it is practicable for fosterers to impose a living infant in the place of one who has died; or by an exchange, to prefer a child of their own to an inheritance: for the features of infancy generally change to a degree that shortly leaves no trace of the original cast of countenance; and it is common with parents to leave their children

children at nurse, for years, without seeing or renewing the memory of their aspects.

Mr Fenton, says Mrs Fielding, will you give me your interest in this sweet foundling? I will regard him as my own child, I will be good to him for the sake of the one I have lost. Tell me, my dear, will you come and live with me?—What say you Ned, says Mr Fenton, would you like to go and live with that lady? O Sir, cried Ned, could I find in my heart to leave master Harry and you, to be sure I would give the world to be with this dear lady. So saying, he caught at her hand and pressed it eagerly to his lips. Mrs Fielding found herself surprized and agitated by this action; and taking him in her arms, and repeatedly kissing him, the gush of passion which she had sometime suppressed, broke forth; and she shed a plenteous shower of tears upon him.

Word being now brought that the chariot was put to rights, and at the door, Mr and Mrs Fielding took a tender farewell of Mr Fenton and Ned, and set off for London.

As we propose, after the manner of the celebrated Vertot, to drop all the heavy and inanimate parts of our history, and to retain nothing but the life and spirit thereof; we take the liberty to pass over a few months, during which nothing material happened, save that

that our Harry increased in stature, and in all personal and mental accomplishments.

It was the latter end of August, the weather fair and pleasant, when Harry issued forth to his little *Campus martius*, accompanied by Neddy and the faithful James.

He was there met by his customary companions in arms; and they had nearly settled their courses and exercises for the evening, when a young phenomenon of nobility made his appearance, like a phoenix among the vulgar birds, attended by two servants in flaming liveries.

All the boys, except Harry, and Ned who kept close to him, immediately approached the glittering stranger, and paid their respects with admiration, and a kind of awkward obeisance; while Harry eyed him askance, with a half-sullen and half-disdainful regard, and notwithstanding the native benevolence of his temper, felt no kind of complacence in his bosom toward him.

The young nobleman, to make a parade of his wealth, and at the same time to indulge his petulance of disposition, took a handful of sixpences and shillings from his pocket, and throwing them among the crew, cried, scramble boys, a scramble!

Hereupon a scuffle-royal instantly ensued. All of them, save three, eagerly grappled at the pieces that had fixed their eye; while each

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Each at the same time seized and struggled with his fellow. Our hero, meanwhile, observed all that passed with a distinguishing attention. But, as the cause of quarrel was quickly conveyed from sight, nothing worse happened than a few trips and boxes, to which the parties had been accustomed, and therefore did not resent; insomuch that my lord was wholly defeated of the benevolent intention of his generosity, and looked upon himself as defrauded of his coin.

To compensate this disappointment, and to make surer, for the future, of his dearly beloved mischief; he took a crown-piece from his pocket, and holding it up to the full view of the assembly, he proclaimed it as the prize of victory between any two who should step forth on the spot, and engage in a boxing match. At the word an unknown champion sprung forward, instantly stripped, and challenged the field.

This unknown had arrived but that very morning, with his parents, who came to settle at the village. He was by nature a very valiant but very quarrelsome boy; he had consequently been engaged in a number of occasional combats, wherein he had generally come off victorious; and this gave him as full an assurance of conquest as though his brow had already received the wreath.

The stranger in bulk and stature exceeded
Vol. II. L the

the field, and no one had yet offered himself an antagonist; when Harry stepping up, thus addressed him in a gentle but admonishing accent.

I find, Sir, you are a stranger; you are therefore to be excused for behaving amiss, as you are yet unacquainted with the laws of this place. But I must now be so free to inform you, that whoever quarrels here or boxes for money must afterwards take a turn with me for nothing. As well before as after, briskly replied the adversary; but I scorn to take you at an advantage. prepare yourself and strip! You must first shew me, rejoined Harry, that you are worth stripping for.

The unknown instantly fired at what he held to be a boastful insult, and leaping forward, aimed a punch at Harry's stomach with all his force; when Harry nimbly catching the right wrist of his adversary in his left hand, and giving him at the same instant a sudden trip with his right foot, and a stroke across the neck with his right arm, the strange hero's heels flew up, and his shoulders and head came with a squelch to the earth.

As this unfortunate champion lay, astonished, dismayed, and wholly disqualified by his fall from further contention, Harry generously stepped forward and offered to raise him. But turning from him, he painfully and slowly arose, and muttering something not intelligible

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gible, he walked away with a sullen, but much abated motion.

Harry's companions, hereat, began to set up a cry of triumph and derision after the vanquished. But Harry suddenly stopped them and cried, For shame, my friends; he is a brave boy, and deserves to be honoured, though a stranger to our ways; and I hope, in my heart, that he may not be hurt, nor discouraged from coming among us any more.

Our young nobleman, mean while, had observed all that passed, and considered our hero with an envious and indignant attention; when Harry, calling to him the three boys who had declined to partake of the scramble for my lord's money, My good boys, cries he aloud, you had the honour to refuse to quarrel and tear your companions and friends to pieces, for the dirty matter of a few sixpences, and the first part of your reward shall be many sixpences.

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and taking out three crowns, made a present of one to each. Then feeling a secret touch of self-approbation, he turned to my lord's servants, and addressed them, in an accent, and with an action rather too highly elevated: Go, he cried, my friends, take your young master home to his father and mother; and tell them from me, that since they have already made him a Lord, I wish the next
L 2
thing

thing they do, would be to make him a GENTLEMAN!

What, you scoundrel, cried my lord, do you tell me, to my face, that I am not a Gentleman? and, flying instantly at Harry, he gave him a smart stroke on the left cheek. Harry had just begun to recollect his error: but, being again kindled to quick resentment, he half repressed and half enforced a sudden punch which he reached at the nose of his lordship, who giving a scream, fell backward, and measured his length on the field.

The two servants immediately stooped to raise their bleeding master; and one of them, highly exasperated to see his lord in that condition, turned furiously upon Harry, in order to chastise him. But Jack Freeman, his fellow servant, strait caught him by the arm, crying, Hold Patrick, hold! remember fair play and Old England!

So saying, he suddenly stooped, caught at our hero's hand, pressed it warmly to his lips, and cried, O, my noblest child, how I envy the happiness of those who serve you! then turning, he took his lord by the hand, and straight led him away from the field of battle.

FRIEND. Apropos, to your turning a Lord into a Gentleman. When your hero gave that just, though over-haughty reproof, to the insolence and petulance of the gay stranger, had

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he not a clear conception of the character of your true Gentleman?

AUTHOR. If he had not a positive, yet you see he had a negative apprehension of the matter. If he could not say what it was to be—yet he could tell you what it was—not to be a Gentleman. And he clearly perceived that neither finery, grandeur of equipage, title, wealth, superior airs, affectation of generosity, neither a mischief-making temper, nor a taking delight in the broils, conflicts, passions, and pains of others, were any constituent qualities in this venerable character.

FR. I beseech you then, at this interval, to satisfy my impatience, and to make good your promise, that you would give me a detail of the qualities that entitle a man to this supreme of denominations.

AUT. That perhaps may be done with better effect to the understanding as well as the heart, by instancing and exemplifying, rather than defining.

The first of great poets, in his character of Mentor, has given us the lineaments of the first and most finished gentleman that we meet in profane history, admirably and amiably instanced in his attachments to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal feelings, in his ardour for his friends, in his humanity to his enemies, and even in his piety to the gods that he worshipped,

ped, (no deduction from his courage, according to ancient arithmetic!)

Some time after the battle of Cressy, Edward the Third of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir of his father's renown, pressed John king of France to indulge them with the pleasure of his company at London. John was desirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the proposal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected, that the invitation had been made with an insidious design of seizing his person, thereby to make the cheaper and easier acquisition of the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with some warmth, that he was confident his brother Edward, and more especially his young cousin, were too much of the GENTLEMAN, to treat him in that manner. He did not say too much of the king, of the hero, or of the saint, but too much of the GENTLEMAN to be guilty of any baseness.

The sequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poitiers king John was made prisoner, and soon after conducted by the Black Prince to England. The Prince entered London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king, than that of his conqueror. John was seated on a proud steed, royally robed

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and attended by a numerous and gorgeous train of the British nobility; while his conqueror endeavoured, as much as possible, to disappear, and rode by his side, in plain attire, and degradingly seated on a little Irish hobby.

As Aristotle and the Critics derived their rules for epic poetry and the sublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed, or laws established for the purpose; thus, from the demeanour and innate principles of particular Gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behaviour, which the world has adopted, under the title of good manners.

One quality of a gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately instanced in the account which Don Quixote gives to his fast friend Sancho Panza, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant Saint Martin.

On a day said the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half naked, and taking his cloak from his shoulders, he divided it and gave him the one half. Now tell me, at what time of the year this happened? Was I witness? quoth Sancho; how the vengeance should I know in what year, or what time of the year, it happened? Hadst thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, any thing within thee of the sentiment of Saint Martin, thou must assuredly have
known

known that this happened in winter; for had it been summer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteristic of the true gentleman, is a delicacy of behaviour toward that sex, whom nature has entitled to the protection, and consequently entitled to the tenderness, of man.

The same gentleman-crrant, entering into a wood on a summer's evening, found himself entangled among nets of green thread, that, here and there, hung from tree to tree; and conceiving it some matter of purposed conjuration, pushed valorously forward, to break through the enchantment. Hereupon some beautiful shepherdesses interposed with a cry, and besought him to spare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, surprised and charmed by the vision, replied—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to seek all means of service, but never of offence, more especially to any of your sex and apparent excellencies. Your pretty nets take up but a small piece of favoured ground; but did they inclose the world, I would seek out new worlds, whereby I might win a passage, rather than break them.

Two very lovely but shamefaced girls had a cause, of some consequence, depending at Westminster, that indispensably required their personal

personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jekyl, and on this tremendous occasion, requested his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle these ladies by the denomination of spinsters? No, my lord, said Sir Joseph, they are lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet you see that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar characteristic of a Gentleman, is the giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a shining and affecting instance in Abraham, perhaps the most accomplished character that may be found in history, whether sacred or profane.

A contention had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his nephew Lot, respecting the propriety of the pasture of the lands wherein they dwelled, that could now scarce contain the abundance of their cattle; and those servants, as is universally the case, had, respectively, endeavoured to kindle and enflame their masters with their own passions.

When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth:

“ Let

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“ Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between
 “ me and thee, or between my herdsmen and
 “ thy herdsmen : for we be brethren. If it be
 “ thy desire to separate thyself from me, is not
 “ the whole land before thee? if thou wilt
 “ take the left hand, then will I go to the
 “ right; or if thou depart to the right hand,
 “ then I will go to the left.”

Another capital quality of the true Gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full ; since the smallest abridgment must deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellencies thereof.

Honour, again, is said in scripture, peculiarly to distinguish the character of a Gentleman, where it is written of Sechem, the son of Hamor, “ That he was more honourable than all
 “ the house of his father.”

This young prince giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably disfigured Dinah the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limits to his
 offers

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offers for repairing the wrong. Ask me, he said to her kindred, "ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the damsel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence, or human amiableness, doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses, our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning, by all possible means, the injuries we have done, and the offences we have given. Herein therefore may consist the very singular distinction, which the great apostle makes between his estimation of a just and of a good man. For a just or righteous man, says he, "none would grudge to die; but for a good man one would even dare to die." Here, the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to meet; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence; his general propensity is to give more than the rule. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing, the transgressors of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the case of his own falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges he condemns no one, save himself. The just

just man is as a stream that deviates not, to the right or left, from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the Gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of God, and none save God himself, can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the Gentleman never envies any superior excellence; but grows himself more excellent, by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof.

Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman! do not
"I know that thou hast chosen the son of
"Jesse to thine own confusion? for as long as
"the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground thou
"shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom;
"wherefore send and fetch him unto me, for
"he shall surely die."—Here every interesting motive, that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man, united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David: he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father who was enraged against him; he would thereby have removed the only luminary that, then, eclipsed the brightness of his own achievements; and he saw, as his father said, that the death of David alone could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity: but all those considerations were of no avail, to
make

make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue was, incomparably more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus, afterwards called Paul, had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc of, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But when the Spirit of that INFANT, who laid himself in the danger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Paul, from that time, exemplified, in his own person, all those qualities of the Gentleman, which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which, he says, alone endureth for ever.

When Festus cried, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad;" Paul stretched the rod, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus! but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of

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“these things, before whom also I speak freely;
 “for I am persuaded that none of these things
 “are hidden from him. King Agrippa, be-
 “lievest thou the prophets? I know that thou
 “believest.” Then Agrippa said unto Paul,
 “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Chri-
 “stian.” And Paul said, “I would to God,
 “that not only thou, but also all that hear me
 “this day, were not only almost, but altoget-
 “her such as I am—except these bonds.”

Here, with what an inimitable elegance did
 this man, in his own person, at once sum up
 the orator, the saint, and the Gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must
 have seen, that the character, or rather quality
 of a GENTLEMAN, does not in any degree
 depend on fashion or mode, on station or opi-
 nion; neither changes with customs, climates
 or ages. But as the Spirit of God can alone
 inspire it into man; so it is, as God is, the
 same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

F. & It is a standard, whereby I propose, for
 the future, to measure and judge of all my ac-
 quainance.——But let us return to our little
 Gentleman-monitor.

CHAP. XII.

NEVER did Harry feel himself so deeply mortified, so debased in his own eyes, as when my lord's footman, in terms and with an action so uncommonly respectful, had stooped and kissed his hand. His heart, but just before, had whispered to him, that the manner in which he had admonished the young nobleman, expressed more of the pride and insolence of his own temper, than any friendly intention to reform the faults of another; and he already began to suspect, that the manner in which he had dispensed his own bounty, shewed the same ostentation which he meant to reprove, and with which he had been so highly offended in his lordship.

Thus disgusted with himself, and consequently with all about him, he turned away from his companions, walked sad and silent homeward, and passing softly through the hall, withdrew to his own chamber.

James had followed Harry at such a distance as just to keep him in sight, and entering where his master sat reading in the parlour, Mr Fenson enquired eagerly after his boy. James cast his master a look of much solemnity, and shaking his head in token of concern, Ah, Sir,

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said he, I am sorry to tell you that master Harry, to day, was not altogether so good a boy as I could have wished. Indeed I observe of late that, at times, he is apt to be very sudden and passionate. I doubt, Sir, we shall have woful doings by and by; he has terribly abused and battered the son and heir of the earl of Mansfield, one of the worthiest noblemen in all England. To be sure we shall have sad complaints against him. I was present at all that passed; and truly master Harry was very much in fault.

You delight me, you transport me, cried Mr Fenton; my only affliction was that he had no faults. I want him to have faults, such faults as may make him feel them. But tell me minutely, as particularly as you can, how this affair happened. James then gave a special detail of what we have recited. Whereupon Mr Fenton exclaimed, O, my noble, my generous, my incomparable boy! where is he? let me see him, what is become of him?

Upon enquiry, Mrs Susan reported that she had seen him stealing softly up stairs. Mr Fenton then taking his book in his hand, stole up after his Harry; and opening his chamber door with the least noise possible, saw him seated, in a dejected attitude, in a far corner of the room; and looking attentively at him, perceived that he had been in tears.

He thereupon took a chair, and gently seating himself

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himself beside him, What is the matter my Harry, he said, what ails my love? Don't ask me, don't ask me, Sir, cried Harry; I dare not tell you, indeed I dare not. You would love me no longer, you would hate me, if I should tell you. Hate you my darling! cried Mr Fenton, that is quite impossible; I can never hate you, my Harry. But come, be free with your friend, tell me openly and honestly, for what do you think I should hate you? For my faults, Sir; for my faults. To be sure there is not in the world so bad a boy as myself; and what is worse than all that, when I think and mean to do better than ever, something comes in the way and spoils the whole, and so turns all the good that is in me into nothing but naughtiness.

Here, Harry could contain no longer, but burst into a passionate gush of tears and sobs; and Mr Fenton tenderly embracing him, and taking him on his knee, and clasping him to his bosom, gave way to the kindred emotion that swelled in his own breast, and mingled his joyful tears with those of his Harry.

As soon as the passion of these two friends had subsided, Harry began to take new courage from the caresses of his dear dada, who, as he sensibly felt, would never hate or forsake him, however he might condemn and detest himself. Well then, dada, says he, since you are so very good, I will trust you with my story, so far

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as it has to say to the little that I can remember of my faults in it.

You must know that I had no sooner got into your field, that you gave me for our play, than a young master came up to us, so grandly dressed and attended, and with such a saucy air, that he seemed to say in his own mind, all these are but dirt in comparison of myself.

As I looked at him, he brought to my mind the story you once told me of Hercules, who was poisoned by his fine coat. So I began to pity him, and I believe, to despise him too; and that you know was not right; for you told me that whoever despises another grows worse than the one he despises, and falls below him, while he thinks to set himself above him; but that did not come into my head at the time.

And so, Sir, to shew us all that he did not matter money, or that he loved mischief the better of the two, he took out a handful of silver and threw it among my companions, to set them by the ears; and this provoked and began to make me very angry with him; and thus one fault brought me into another after it like Water my chickens come clock.

But this did not satisfy my young lord, for they called him lord, but he must take out a crown and offer it to any two of my companions that would box for it. So a stranger that was just come, offered to box any one in the company for it; but I do not repeat

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of my beating him, because he was the challenger.

But, the worst is yet to come, dada. There was some of my companions who refused to join in the scramble for the money, and that pleased me very much; and so to reward them I took out a handful of money, and gave them a crown a piece. But, you know, I need not have taken out more money than I meant to give them, if it was not partly to shew my lord that I had as much money as himself; and so I got myself up to the head and ears in the very same fault that I found with him.

Now comes the worst of all. For, growing proud and conceited, as if I had no one fault in the world; and as if the like of me was only fit to reprove others and teach them their duty; I desired the fine master to take himself home, and since he was a lord to learn also to be a gentleman. Upon that he gave me a blow, which I deserved very well; but I did not matter his blow a philip, if I had not thought it an affront before my companions. So my passion began to rise, and I gave him half a stroke; but unluckily it hit him full in the nose, and I am afraid he is hurted very sadly.

Besides all, dada, I know well enough there will come sad complaints against me, and so I shall bring trouble and disturbance upon you; and that is grief upon grief.

Do not fear for me, Harry, I shall do well enough,

enough, says Mr Fenton. But, Harry, you have not told me near as great news as you thought to do. I knew all along that you had a very naughty boy within you; but I forbore to tell you so, because I rather wished you should make the discovery yourself; and now, God be praised! you have found out the secret.

And what good will it do me, dada, to know that I am bad, when I do not know how to make myself better? for to-day, I thought and meant to be very good, and yet found myself, in the end, to be worse than ever. But, as you say, to be sure I have been very bad, though I hardly knew any thing of the matter till now. I now remember how I had like to murder poor Mr Vindex with the sword; and a hundred other things; if I could bring them to mind. What shall I do then, dada, what shall I do to grow good?

I will tell you, my Harry, says Mr Fenton. And as you have generously entrusted me with one secret, that of having a very bad boy within you; it is but fair that I should entrust you with another secret, which is that of having an exceeding good boy within you.

What, two boys in one, dada, how can that be? It is even so, my darling; you yourself told me as much. Did you not say that, this very day, the one was struggling and fighting within you against the other? that

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the one was proud, scornful, ostentatious, and revengeful; the other humble, gentle, generous, loving, and forgiving? and that when the bad boy got the better, the good boy took him to task, and reprimanded and severely rebuked him, and made him cry bitterly?

What you say, indeed, dada, is something very like it; only I cannot think how one boy can be two boys. Do you remember, Harry, what you read last night in the Old Testament, about Rebekah the wife of Isaac, when she was with child? Yes, very well, Sir. As how she was with child with twins, "and the children struggled together within her; and she said, if it be so, why am I thus? and she went to enquire of the Lord." Very right, my love; and I now say to you what God then said to Rebekah. I do not mean that you have two boys within you, of the bodily bulk, features, and shape of yourself; but that you have two different spirits or principles within you, which, like Esau and Jacob, have quite different and adverse natures, inclinations, and desires; the one prompting and hurrying you into all that is evil, the other inviting and leading you into all that is good. So you see, Harry, and you have felt that, like Rebekah, you have your own Esau, and your own Jacob, struggling within your bosom: and the war between them shall never

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VER

ver cease, till the one shall have wholly conquered and subjected the other.

To make this matter plainer and clearer to you, my darling, I will tell you a pretty story out of the book that is in my hand.

Cyrus was a King, and a great Conqueror, but in his private capacity, a very virtuous man. On a day, some of his captains, just returned from an expedition, informed him that they had brought him the greatest wonder in the world, a young Princess called Panthea, whom they had taken captive, and whose charms exceeded all that could be imagined of woman.

Cyrus, as I told you, was virtuous. He was already married; and he dreaded running the risque of being seduced from his honesty by the dangerous allurements of this enchanting beauty. He therefore obstinately, though reluctantly, forbid her approach; and denied himself the pleasure he might have taken in beholding her.

His own honour, however, and the respect due to the quality and accomplishments of the lady, demanded all possible attention and precaution in her behalf. For this purpose, he summoned his chief captains and favourites. He asked, which of them would adventure to take the charge of this young beauty, and he promised the highest rewards to those who should honourably discharge their trust.

but threatened his deepest displeasure to any who should betray it.

All of them shrunk at the apprehension of taking upon them the personal custody and care of a beauty, whom their great and virtuous monarch had not even dared to look upon; and no one had offered to undertake this perilous commission, till a valiant and noble youth, named Araspes, stood forth.

From my infancy, O Cyrus, said the graceful adventurer, I have been educated in the school, and brought up at the feet of the divine Zoroaster. I am accustomed, from my childhood, to combat, conquer, and scorn all sensual seducers. I hold virtue in mine eye, as its only object; my heart esteems and affects it as my only good; the nature thereof become one with my nature; and I do not remember the time wherein I have been tempted to deviate from rectitude, or sink beneath the calls of honour. I cannot therefore but smile at the fear of my companions. Their courage at a breach or in the field is unquestionable. I have seen them face a thousand deaths; I have seen them rush into dangers; and yet they dread the sight of a single and weakly female. For me she can have no terrors, since I am out of the power and reach of her allurements. I will undertake the charge of this formidable creature, at the risque of my

my honour, at the risque of my life, and more than all, at the risque of the favour of Cyrus.

Cyrus had long loved the person, and contemplated and admired the virtues of this youth. He therefore, with joy and confidence, committed the precious deposit to his trust; in full assurance that the person and honour of Panthea could no where be so safe as in the protection of Araspes.

The young hero had in reality all the virtues that he boasted. His education under so beloved and respectable a master; his early and long habit of opposing and rejecting the smallest incitement to vice; and the delight which he was accustomed to feel in the sentiments and practice of what his judgment approved; had in a manner so wholly lulled his naughty self to sleep, that he did not so much as dream that he had an enemy within him.

This, my Harry, was his heavy misfortune and the sad occasion of his fall. For, not knowing that his evil Esau was still alive in his bosom; not knowing that he had an one to oppose or to struggle with; he kept neither watch nor guard, and so lay naked and open to the mischief that came upon him as I am going to tell you.

On his seeing the lady who was committed to his trust, he felt no emotion nor sentiment save that of wonder, as in beholding the most perfect of the works of his Creator; and

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took a pleasure in providing that she should be treated and accommodated with all possible attention and respect, as due to so accomplished and pre-eminent a being.

As the nature of his commission gave him frequent occasions of being near and about the person of his amiable ward, new beauties grew daily visible and open to his eyes. But, above all, in conversing with her, the music of her accents, and the elegance of her sentiments fell insensibly on his soul, that drank them up as a dry ground drinks up the invisible dew of the evening.

His occasions for attending her, and doing the offices and services about her, now daily increased without seeming to do so. When he was called, and intended to go elsewhere, his feet imperceptibly carried him to the presence of Panthea. His slumbers were short, uneasy, and broken; and at meals, he knew not whether or on what he fed.

At length his eyes opened to the calamity of his condition. But at the moment where he perceived his love, he found himself far gone for the possibility of a return. He was as a mariner who had haled his boat on land; and thinking himself secure, had fallen asleep therein; but while he slept, a spring-tide came silently on, and covered the shore, and gained upon the beach, and swelled under the boat, and heaved it from land,

and turning, bore it farther and farther to sea. Then awakened the helpless mariner, unprovided of sail or oar, or of any means to effect or attempt a return. He saw his lost estate; he stretched his arms towards the land; but while he reached it with his eyes, he found himself carried, by an irresistible power, still more and more distant from the sight.

Thus fared it with the wretched, lost, fallen away Araspes. He awakened to his condition, he looked around, but found himself helpless. He would have struggled; he wished his return to virtue; but his wishes were sickly, as feeble as a dream; and he felt himself borne away, by a secret and subtle force, from that honour of which he now barely retained a distant prospect.

The imbosomed fire that preyed upon him at length became insufferable, and he desperately determined to seek relief. He threw himself at the feet of the object of his desire, avowed the ardour of his passion, and besought her pity.

The princess replied, in a mild but resolute accent, I do pity you, Araspes; I pity you the more, as it is all that my power can ever do for you. Two insurmountable barriers oppose your desires; the one is my honour, the other my inclination: I am already married to a young hero, the prince and patron of his people, the most accomplished of his

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an honour to human nature; he is my first and last love, he possesses my heart wholly; but were it emptied of him, it would be emptied of its virtue; and the thoughts any other would be an offence to my soul. I am advised then, Araspes, depart from temptation, and seek in absence, a cure for the infection of your love.

Confused, astonished, speechless, Araspes stood, at once, the little that remained to him of virtue and reason. He knew not what he did, he would have proceeded to violence; when the Princess suddenly drew a poniard, and pointed it at her bosom: whereat Araspes straight withdrew, overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and despair.

As soon as he had retired, the Princess took a little tablet, whereon she inscribed the following words.

TO CYRUS.

"Your Favourite has betrayed his trust; he would have offered violence. Think what is due to your own honour, as well as that of

PANTHEA."

This she dispatched to the Monarch by one of her faithful mutes.—As soon as Cyrus had perused it, he sighed, and dropt a tear, as if he were the departed virtue of his best beloved friend.

friend.—He instantly sent for Araspes. Araspes durst not disobey. He came, indeed, but then he did not dare to look upward.

After a silence on both sides—Cyrus cried out, Whoever thou art, account to me for my friend, account to me for his virtue: a virtue that I deemed to be impassible, unassailable. Whereupon Araspes made the following most memorable of answers.

As you are but lately entered on your Greek, my Harry, I will first read the passage to you, and then give you the sense of it, word for word.

Δύο, ὦ Κύριε, σαφὲς ἔχω ψυχὰς. Οὐ γὰρ ἐν μιᾷ
 ἑστὶν, ἀλλὰ ἀγαθὴ καὶ κακὴ, τὸ αὐτὸ καὶ ποιεῖ καὶ
 ἔργα εὐγὰ καὶ κακὰ, ὥς ταῦτα αὐτὴ βούλει
 πράττειν. Ἀλλὰ δὴλον ὅτι δύο εἰσὶ ψυχὰς, ἡ καλὴ
 ἀγαθὴ καὶ ἡ κακὴ κακὰ πράττειται, ὅταν εἰς αὐτὴν
 ἀισχρᾶ ἐπιχειρῇται.

“O Cyrus, it is manifest that I have two
 “souls; for, if I had but one soul, it could
 “not be, at once, both good and evil; not
 “a lover, at the same time, of what is ho-
 “nest and dishonest; it could not, at once,
 “desire and be averse to the same thing. It
 “is, therefore, most evident that we have two
 “souls; and when the good soul hath the
 “dominion, good works are performed; but
 “evil works, when the evil soul predominates.

Here Harry, you see there were two men
 in one man, which is the same thing as there
 being

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being two boys in you. For the soul is the man, Harry; and the body is but as a sign, to give notice to others, that such a man dwells within.

But Sir, says Harry, since, as you say and as I find, I have two different boys or souls within me; pray, how came they to be different? did the same God that desired to make the one soul good, desire also to make the other soul evil.

Your question, my darling, is very proper, though very deep. I will however endeavour, to the best of my power, to accommodate my answers to the weakness of your capacity.

God, who is nothing but goodness, cannot possibly desire any kind of evil; and therefore cannot be, immediately, the author thereof. But he can make or create such poor little insignificant beings, as you and I are, Harry; though all that God himself can do for our behalf, cannot possibly make us good, or excellent, or perfect, any otherwise than by informing us with his own goodness and perfections.

This would lead me, my love, to the unfolding that capital secret, of which you are not yet susceptible; a secret, upon which this world, sun, moon, and stars, with all the worlds upon worlds that lie beyond them, depend and hang, as your hat would hang upon yonder pole.

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The Angels that are now in Heaven are great, good, perfect, and glorious beings; because they are filled with the greatness, goodness, glory, and perfection of God. For they know that, of themselves, they are nothing; and that in themselves, they are no other than empty and dark creatures, mere sensible capacities prepared for the reception, the feeling, and enjoyment of the light, virtue, and blessedness of their bountiful Creator.

How the spirit of man came to be, in itself, so much worse than an empty and dark creature; how it came to be filled and polluted with all manner of evil, with selfishness, pride, covetousness, abominable lusts, envy, hatred, malice, revengefulness, and wrathfulness; how it further came to have a different spirit begotten within it, informing its heart and turning the chords thereof to sentiments of humility, charity, purity, love, patience, and peace—this, Harry, is the great secret, of which you are not yet capable; the secret, as I told you, whereon the world now hangs, whereby it has been changed, and whereby it will be renewed.

In the mean time, let it suffice for you, to feel and to know, that your dark spirit so filled, as I said, with evil, is yourself, my Harry, is all that you have of the creature within you; and that the good spirit, which is begotten within your evil spirit, is breathed into you by the power and Spirit of God himself, in order

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order to oppose and conquer the evil, and enlighten the darkness, and purify the foulness of your selfish or creaturely spirit; that you may finally become as the angels that are in Heaven, filled with the purity, glory, and blessedness of your God.

Know, therefore, from henceforward, and let the sense of it sink into your soul, my darling, that all the evil which is in you, belongs to yourself; and that all the good which is in you, belongs to your God: that you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation or evil motion within you. From hence learn to be humble, and to think meanly of yourself, and not ascribe to yourself any kind of goodness or virtue; for that would be sacrilege; it would be to rob God of his peculiar property of goodness. From hence further learn, never to prefer yourself to others, or to think better of yourself than of any one living; for, so far as you are a creature, no one can be viler or faultier than you are; however God may be pleased, through his mercy and bounty to you, to be better in you than in others.

Never exalt yourself, my Harry; neither in company nor conversation, of any kind, say I did this or I did that, or I said this or I said that; for, in exalting yourself, you exalt your own proud and evil spirit above the good and meek

meek spirit of God that is in you. Let all praise mortify and be a reproach to your conscience; but take blame with patience and pleasure; in so doing you will approve yourself a lover of justice, as well as a lover of your own reformation.

Lastly, my love, turn your whole will and affections, from your own evil spirit, to the spirit of God that is in you; for that is the utmost that any man can do toward his own salvation. Reject, spurn, and detest every motion to evil; embrace, cherish, and take to your heart, every motion of good; you will thereby acquire the never ending glory of having joined with God, in the combat and conquest that he is desirous of obtaining over all the guilt, uncleanness, and depravity into which your nature is fallen.

Here, Andrew came up with notice to his master, that the Earl of Mansfield was below, and requested to speak with him. At this Harry coloured up, and cried, Did not I tell you, Sir, what trouble I should bring upon you? Do not be alarmed, my dear, says Mr Fenton; do you stay here. If there is a necessity for your appearance, I will send you word.

The father of young Lord Bottom was in every respect, the reverse of his son. He had come on foot, without attendants, was dressed in a plain napped coat, and had the mein and appearance of an honest country-grazier.

My

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My lord, says Mr Fenton, I should think myself greatly honoured by this visit, if I was not so much concerned at the occasion of it. I am truly grieved that my son should have done such great offence to young Lord Bottom. Sir, says the earl, I find you have quite mistaken the intent of my visit: I am come to thank your son for the just and noble lesson which he gave to mine; and which he has so forcibly impressed upon his memory, as will not, I trust, permit him to forget it in a hurry. My lord, replied Mr Fenton, my little fellow is very sensible of his misbehaviour in this business. He was the first to chide himself; and he told me the story, very much, I assure your lordship, to his own disadvantage.

Mr Fenton, rejoined the earl, after what I have heard of your boy, from one Jack Freeman, a very faithful and intelligent servant of mine, I am quite impatient to see him, and there is nothing generous which I am not willing to believe concerning him. My wife, indeed, is not, at all times, in my way of thinking. She has taken her young lord with her to town, to the doctor's; and I am concerned at the violence of the resentment which she expressed on this occasion, as it may be a means of deferring that acquaintance and intimacy which I heartily wish to cultivate with the family of Mr Fenton. But where is this wonderful boy? I request to see him.

Harry.

Harry, hereupon, was immediately called down. As he apprehended that he was sent for to be severely chidden, a little resentful haughtiness arose in his mind, and strengthened it against the violence of the reproofs that he expected. He therefore entered with an air that no way favoured of mortification, and made but a cold though solemn bow to the earl.

Bless me, exclaimed my lord, what a striking resemblance! I never saw two faces or persons so much alike. There is no difference, Mr Fenton, between you and your son, except what age has made. Mr Fenton smiled, and my lord continued. I always had a notion that your heroes were huge fellows; but here I think we have got heroism quite in miniature. Can this be the one, who, as I am told, with a rip or a blow, overthrows and demolishes all before him? Come to me, my dear, and give me leave to salute you.

Harry respectfully approached; and my lord taking him in his arms, and warmly kissing him, said, I thank you, my little man, for the generous lesson which you gave to my very naughty boy; and for the deference which you taught him to make, for the future, between the sauciness of a Lord and the sentiments of a Gentleman.

Harry felt himself, at once, disconcerted, abased, and wholly cut down, by this compliment

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ment from his lordship. At length, recovering himself, he answered; You mean, to be sure, Sir, to reprove me the more by what you have said; but if you are in earnest, I am sure it is a very bad lesson which you teach me, Sir, when you praise me for my faults, and so encourage me in them. Faults! my dear, cried the earl, I heard of none such; what do you mean by your faults? I mean, Sir, that when I told your son as much as that he was not a gentleman, it shewed that I was still less of the gentleman myself; and I very well deserved the blow which he gave me for such an affront; and I am ready to ask his pardon whenever you please, my lord. No, no, my man, cried Lord Mansfield, you shall never disgrace yourself so much as to make any submissions to my naughty boy. I shall think it no disgrace, quick and affectingly replied Harry, to make submissions to any one who is son to such a gentleman as my Lord Mansfield.

My lord, for some time, looked with astonishment at the child; when, eagerly catching and pressing him to his bosom, he cried out, On my soul, you are the sweetest as well as the noblest fellow I was ever acquainted with; and Sir, I shall think it an honour to be admitted among your friends; and that's what I would not say to many in Old England. Mr Fenton, continued the earl, if you will give yourself the trouble to enquire out
my

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my little lodge on the hill, you will oblige me; though I envy your character, I shall be glad of your acquaintance. So saying, Lord Mansfield got up, after his blunt manner, and precipitately withdrew.

On the following evening, Mr Fenton took Harry and Mr Clement into his study; and taking from his pocket book a number of Bank-bills, Mr Clement, says he, I here make my Harry a present of fifteen hundred pounds, reserving only to myself the privilege of advising how it may be laid out and secured for him to the best advantage.

To-morrow morning you and he are to set out on foot for London, and there to take lodgings as near to the Fleet-prison as you can conveniently be accommodated. You are then to apply to the keeper, and to give him a gratuity for making out a written list of all the prisoners under his custody, with their quality and condition annexed, as also the sums respectively due, and the terms during which they have been in confinement.

You are then to enquire from him the several characters, distresses, and merits of all the prisoners of note, and to make an entry thereof in a separate paper; but then you are not to depend altogether on his report. You are to go from room to room, to converse with the prisoners apart, and to enquire from
each

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each the characters, fortunes, and disasters of the others.

This inquisition, in all likelihood, will take you up above a fortnight. But above all, remember that those among them, who are most affected by the distresses of their fellows, ought to be the principal objects of your own charity and relief.

Let five hundred pounds of this money be appropriated to the enlargement of such prisoners as are under duress for sums not amounting to ten pounds. You will thereby free the captive; give means of bread to the hungry; and restore to your country many members that are worse than useless, that are also a dead weight and incumbrance upon her. Let the remaining thousand pounds be applied to the enfranchisement or relief of those prisoners of note, whose case and calamities call for singular compassion. And be sure to keep an account, where your money may fall short of such valuable purposes; and as far as five hundred pounds more will reach, we will supply the defect.

Hereupon Harry caught his patron about the neck, and repeatedly kissing him, cried, O dada, how happy, how very happy you make me! O, that we had money enough to employ every fortnight the year round, like this sweet fortnight!

The very next morning our travellers set
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out on their generous expedition. But we forbear to say any thing relative thereto, till their return; as they themselves are the best qualified, and, in truth, have the best right to give the particulars of their own extraordinary adventures.

Our Harry and his friend Clement had not been gone above an hour, when Mr Fenton received a card from the Countess of Maitland, requesting his company to coffee in the evening. She was widow to the late Earl, a very lovely woman, had taken the most sumptuous house on the hill, and was resorted to by numbers of the first figure, from among whom she was perfectly qualified to make a selection, exceedingly entertaining to herself, of the sensible, the elegant, and the ludicrous.

Mr Fenton attended my lady precisely at the time appointed. When he entered, she was writing a note at her desk. On turning her eye to the door, she was suddenly struck with the grace of his figure, the sweetness of his aspect, and the ease of his deportment. She was further struck with a recollection of something very interesting, but which had happened at a vast distance, or of which she had dreamed. Her heart was affected; she coloured up, and again turned pale, without being yet able to move from her chair. At length, recovering, and rising, and advancing
toward

toward him, Mr Fenton, says she, this is a very singular favour, a favour for which I have long wished. This Sir, you know, is my third time of asking, but my two former cards were not so happy as to bring you. Madam, said he carelessly, I am but a very poor visitor; however, I could not refuse myself the honour of attending your ladyship's summons, at least for once. I have been now, said the Countess, three months on the hill. Within that time I have applied to all my acquaintance, in order to get some of them to introduce me to you; but none of them were so fortunate as to know your name. To be known, madam, replied Mr Fenton, a person must have been, in some way, considerable; indeed it is no way disagreeable to my own inclinations to pass the short remnant of an insignificant life, as little noticed as possible. I have been just writing a note, Sir, says my lady; be so good as amuse yourself for a moment with the books and paintings in my closet there, and I will attend you.

Within a few minutes after Mr Fenton had withdrawn, Mr Sneer entered. What, cried he, bowing, all alone, Lady Maitland? that's surprising. Your sex, it seems, are grown very careless of improvement, when they neglect the model by which they should polish their manners. O you wretch, exclaimed the Countess, what brought you here of all things? I

have a world of company to be with me this evening; and if they get but a hint of your coming, I shall be left as much alone as the statue in Bushy-Park. La madam, cries Mr Sneer, is it possible that with all your discernment you should be so much mistaken? Permit me to assure your ladyship, that I am plagued out of my life, by the solicitations of numbers of the first quality for my company. You, you brute, cried my lady, your company courted! it must be by Indians then, who have a reason of their own for worshipping the devil: why you make no more of characters, than a reaper does of grass, when he is cutting down weeds. O, madam, exclaimed Mr Sneer, they like me never the worse for that; every one gladly compounds for the maining of their own character, to have the pleasure of seeing those of their neighbours hewn down. But pray, madam, what company do you expect this evening? Why there is Colonel Sweetpounder. Colonel Sweetpounder of all things! Yes, Sir, and a very fine gentleman too, in my opinion. Why, madam, the man would not want sense, it is true, if he had not wholly mistaken the manners of his profession. He has been, as I am told, in some trifling engagements, but never had the rudeness to attack his enemy, without white gloves. He had like to have lost his life, upon a retreat, by the

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the delay which he made in search of his sword-knot.

Here a footman entered, saying, Colonel Sweetpouder, my lady.—Lady Maitland, says the Colonel, your truly most devoted. More your's than you are any one's, Mr Sneer; you are extremely happy, Sir, in your *tete a tete* with her ladyship, but people have not always the choice of their company. Severe, Colonel, very severe upon my honour, says Mr Sneer. He who wars on the world, replies the Colonel, should not hope to escape without a scratch, Mr Sneer; and I have faults enough to make me angry with all who are censorious. Colonel, said the Countess, Mr Sneer has been railing at me through fifty families, and is but just come to assist me to rail at my neighbours. On my soul, madam, says Mr Sneer, I am resolved not to spare the least of your failings, when I am once so ingenious as to discover where they lie. Your justice, Mr Sneer, to the merits of this lady, exclaimed the Colonel, entitles you to say what you will against the rest of womankind.

Mr Fenton just then re-entering, the Countess introduced him to her acquaintance. I hope in heaven, madam, cried Mr Sneer, that the company whom you expect may be wholly the reverse of this gentleman's appearance! The mouth of raillery must else learn the language of admiration; and that would be an exchange:

exchange by no means suitable to my taste. Mr Fenton bowed, but was silent.

Here was rap, rap, rap, rap; and immediately Lady Cribbage's chariot was announced. There now, cries Mr Sneer, there is the happiest woman in the universe, that's certain. She divides her whole time between the two delights of her life. CARDS and SCANDAL. She is never tired of either, and yet runs from one to the other, that variety may give the higher relish to both.

Lady Cribbage here entered, in all the hurry imaginable. She flew and embraced the Countess with transport. My dear, dearest Lady Maitland, says she, how happy am I to have got to you at last! Heavens, what have I endured before I could get free of that odious London? What a gauntelope have I run! a hundred and fifty visits, no less upon rap; and through such a sortment too; as your mercers say! But there is no dispensing with these fopperies; they had all dropt cards at my gate; and I couldn't but return the visit, in good manners to myself, you know. There was Lady Gadabout, and Mrs Chataway, and Mrs Tenderfides, and Lady Frump, and Lady Dowager Gossipper, and Miss Giglet, the merry miss of threescore, that you know. La madam, exclaimed the Countess, why, these are all persons of distinguished fashion. Ay, my dear friend, replied lady Cribbage, they

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are the noughts of the great world; when such as lady Maitland are pleased to figure before them, they acquire a kind of value; they would not otherwise be picked up should they drop on the highway.—Colonel Sweetponder, ten thousand pardons! I really did not observe you.—Your servant, Sir,—a fine person! (half whispering to lady Maitland)—And you here, Mr Sneer! you are the man of the world to whom we should pay our first respects, if we desire that our caps should sit straight, you know.

Why, my lady, says Mr Sneer, would you be like the Turk, and allow no brother slanderer near your throne? but the field of folly and ridicule is wide enough for us both. Besides, madam, we assail in very different manners; I am like the Parthian, no more than a back stroke and away; but your ladyship moves on like time or death, and mows down your sex without distinction before you. O fye, Mr Sneer, said lady Cribbage! What say you, Sir, can you think so hardly of me? No truly, madam, answered Mr Fenton; I am rather inclined to believe that you only prune; for I have often observed that, after very keen hands, reputation sprouts anew, and flourishes the better. O lady Cribbage, lady Cribbage, exclaimed Mr Sneer, that's the severest thing, upon my honour, that has been said this day. What, allow a lady the will to do mischief, and

and not allow her the power! can any thing be so provoking? Well, supposing it be so, rejoined lady Cribbage, I would rather be cut by that gentleman's razor than Mr Sneer's hatchet. But apropos, I wonder what keeps lady Philligree! I met her on my last visit, and she told me she had but half a dozen more to pay and be with us; she brings with her a new language for the day, I'll engage. That woman, says Mr Sneer, ought to be strung up for minting our English dialect. True, added the Colonel, if her coin would pass.

Come, dearest lady Maitland, cried lady Cribbage, while we choice spirits are got together, let us know what company you have summoned for the evening. I hope in goodness you have laid in a sufficient fund for merriment. I should droop to death, if the propriety of their manners left no room for laughter. Fear not, said the Countess; but mark the characters as they pass.

First, there is Sir Burnkin Toilette. Most excellent, exclaimed lady Cribbage: the amphibious wretch! he that is so like an otter, between his country breeding that he can't get rid of, and his court breeding that he can't assume.

Again, there is Lord Bottom, earl of Mansfield, lately come to the hill. Ay, added the Colonel, there is the sample that nature gave us when she intended to shew what man ought

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to be. He! the bear, cries Sneer; for heaven's sake, Colonel, how can you praise a man whose manners are so wholly the reverse of your own? I allow that he has talents and learning, though he seems to know nothing about the matter; and he piques himself, solely, on the most plebeian of all virtues, that of being an HONEST MAN. Do you know him, Mr Fenton? Just enough, Sir, said Mr Fenton, to make me fear that I should rather afford matter of ridicule to his lordship, than hope to be merry at his expence. I have been told, said Sneer, that on his return from his travels, he was an accomplished cavalier, but he suddenly took a disgust to all manner of politeness; and I question, at this moment, if there be five men in England to whom he would say, Your Servant! And I am confident, added the Colonel, that there are not five men in England whom he would not serve.

Talk not of him, dear Colonel, exclaimed lady Cribbage; he says more shocking things, in fewer and simpler words, than any Cynic that ever breathed. Because, madam, rejoined the colonel, he is too much our friend to hurt us by flattery, and he never reproves but with an intention to reform. Well, well, cried Sneer, I own there is not much matter for laughter in his character. Let us
call

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call another cause, Who comes next, lady Maitland?

The widow Mawkin, says the Countess, the huge Kentish fortune. She who keeps three marriageable daughters in the nursery, for fear people should be so impertinent as to enquire who brought them into the world. She is not yet in despair of a third jointure. And she would bribe others, by her smiles, to be as forgetful of her age as she is herself. I never see her, cries lady Cribbage, but she puts me in mind of a May-morning, when the long pole is awkwardly hung with flowers and garlands. She has been equally happy, adds Mr Sneer, in adorning her mind with the flowers of science; and is as ridiculously affected in the parade of her learning as she is of her dress. I could pity or pardon all this, says the Colonel, if she were not so merciless in her censures on an article of female virtue, to a single breach of which no man living will ever lead Mrs Mawkin into temptation. But have you any more blocks, madam, for the hewing out of your Mercuries?

Yes, yes, said the Countess, there's enough to laugh with, and enough to laugh at, I warrant you. There's our friend Billy Bustle. O lud! screamed lady Cribbage, I wish I had brought another gown; this is he who is always so busy where there's nothing to do; he is full of his friendships, that you never can escape

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escape without some damage; and he spoils you a suit of brocade, in his hurry to reach you your coffee.

Then says the Countess, there's Miss Trinket. O the pretty bauble! cries Mr Sneer, whoever marries her will have something to hang to his watch. Does she bring up the rear of your visitants, lady Maitland?

No, said the Countess, we have lady Homespun, with an *et cetera* of no characters, yet to come—Homespun! exclaimed lady Cribbage; upon my word, the best sort of a gammer of quality that I know. The good woman would really be sensible company, if she was not so utterly void of education. Could you think how the poor creature exposed her ignorance t'other day? she popped in where I was engaged at four handed cribbage. Having peer'd over the game with vast sagacity, What, says she, I think your ladyship has got to your old game of quadrille. Ha, ha, ha! Lady Homespun, I fancy, is one of those who think of getting into a fashion, exactly at the period that others have got out.

Madam, said the Countess, if lady Homespun had time to spare, from the duties of religion and a life of benevolence, she would undoubtedly employ it in studying matters more suitable to your ladyship's taste. Her peccadillos, however, are pardonable on account of her pleasantry; for while she laughs,
with

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with great justice, at the follies of high life; she laughs at herself also, with great good humour, for being so sensibly out of the fashion.

Here again was a loud rapping; and the peals were repeated with little intermission, till all the company arrived. They succeeded so quickly, that lady Maitland had scarce time to receive each of them with a distinction and manner of address, that she judged most agreeable to their humours and characters.

In the first place, Mrs Philligree rushed in and cried, Lady Maitland, I am most superlatively your's. I am your's, madam, said the Countess, positively, beyond all comparison. Such a stranger as Miss Trinker! you have enquired the way at last then. I felicitate you Miss, on your new acquisition. I am told that your green monkey is absolutely the greatest beau, and the greatest wit, within the purlieus of St James!—Sir Bumkin Toilette, how happy you make us! I hear you have got rid of all your vile country-incumbrances of huge houses and dirty acres, and that the court may now hope to have you all to itself. Mrs Mawkin! you put us under a thousand alarms; we were afraid we shou'dn't have you. Dear madam, how extremely rich and elegant is all this! and how condescending, in a lady of your taste, to appear to owe any thing to dress and outward ornament.—O,

Mr

Mr Bustle, thrice welcome! our sex may now boast of having a servant. For, these other men creatures are to listless, or to awkward, as not to merit a curtley in the way of wages.—

My lord Mansfield, this is more than an honour, it is a benefit. If some of us are not improved before you leave us, I shall, for my own part, take great blame to myself—

My dear lady Homepun! now are the sweet babies? how are your obliging domestics, now are all your cats and dogs? believe me, I take an interest in the harmony and good humour of every thing about you. I think, said lady Homepun, they all begin to droop, since your ladyship has ceased to make them happy by your presence.

The earl of Mansfield, looking about, perceived Mr Fenton, turned precipitately to him, and catching him in his arms, Mr Fenton, he cried, how glad am I to meet you! what an advantage I shall esteem it at all times, and in all places! how is my Harry, my little hero? Mr Fenton bowed twice.

Here, William, said the Countess, tea and coffee! and order the tables and cards to be laid in the next room. Lord Mansfield, what news? you are an intimate of all the foreign cabinets.

Our domestic news, answered the earl, is by far the most extraordinary. It is affirmed, that our freeholders, throughout the shires

and boroughs of England, have entered into a resolution against bribery and corruption.

Our parliament also have this moment, in agitation, an act for establishing the two virtues of PROBITY and CHASTITY, respectively, among the sexes. To this act they further propose to add several clauses, in the nature of a codicil annexed to a will. Among others, it is intended to make a general exchange of the forms of good manners, for the offices of good nature; and all acts of benevolence are hereafter to pass by an immutable law, for proofs of high breeding.

It is further to be enacted, that every courtier or great man may be sued upon his promise; or even on such intimations of nods, smiles, or whispers, or squeezes by the hand, as may credibly be supposed to keep people in expectation. No advantage is to be taken of ignorance by any trader, nor of innocence in the commerce between the sexes. The glow of modesty is the only rouge that will be allowed to any fair face or quality, in their his majesty's dominions.

No person of any station will hereafter be permitted to go abroad in search of faults till they can find none at home by the help of a candle. And lastly, all slander is to be accounted petty-treason: forasmuch as it has been intimated, somehow or other, that the loss of a good name is more deplorable

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its consequences, than the loss of any other property, or even of life.

Hey day! exclaims the Countess, at this rate we shall have lady Homespun at the very tip top of the mode.—Ay, says Miss Trinket; but what will become of your ladyship, who are now accounted the pattern of all elegance and politeness? O Miss, cried the Colonel, lady Mairland will do well enough: she has only to drop a few articles that are superfluous to her good sense and her good nature. She will thereby, as I take it, be only undressed, and happily restored to all her native loveliness.

Dem'me, exclaims Sir Bumkin, if matters come to this pass, I shall have made a fine kettle of fish on't, thanst I? to throw away so many thousands of pounds, with an immensity of time and pains on delicacy, and taste, and virtue, and the beau-monde, and all that—What, cries Mrs Mawkin, are our parliament beside themselves? Here has the world been growing up, these six thousand years, to its grand climacteric of courtly accomplishments; and now they would overthrow the whole building, and mix us of the pinnacle with the dust of the vulgar. If we of high life are to be laid under restraints, with cits and villagers, what advantage will fortune give us? it will no longer be of any use to its owners.—This is preposterously, cried Mrs Philligree, the most laughable scheme

P 2

that

that ever was conceivable on this side the tropic. Our parliament would affect to be an heteroclite to all other parliaments. But the best on't is, that their power is immensely too little for the greatness of the immensity of their undertaking. Pardon me, madam, replied the Colonel, I know of nothing beyond the ability of our parliament. In spirituals alike as temporals, their power is the same in England as that of the Pope is at Rome; they can bind or loose, at pleasure, in Heaven as on Earth.—Beside, madam, adds Sneer, with respect to our parliament, this is very far from being a laughable scheme; I rather hold it to be both loveable and laudable. They must thereby forego no inconsiderable advantages on their own part. They will no longer be interested in the prostitution of their constituents, or the sale of their country. They have it even in contemplation to decline their capital privilege of maintaining their families at the expence of their neighbours; and propose for the future, to pay their debts.—I hope, my lord, says Mr Bustle, your new laws are not to be put in force against the offices of friendship and civil manners. No, Sir, says lord Mansfield, only against the parade of them.

Here Mr Bustle observed that the coffee was filled out, and rose with precipitation to help the ladies.—Away, you wretch, keep from me a mile! screamed out lady Cribbage. No

nearer,

nearer, dear Sir, no nearer I beseech you, exclaimed Mrs Philligree and Miss Trinket.—Mr Bustle, says lord Mansfield, I would advise you, to tender your services to lady Mairland and lady Homespun; if you happen to spill your coffee on their clothes, you will oblige them with an apology for giving them away to the first poor body.—I wish, my lord, says lady Cribbage, that you knew how to compliment some with less expence to others. But apropos, my lord, these same compassionate acts against slander, and going from home in search of faults, as you phrase it; have they yet passed into a law?—They have not, madam.—O, then we may take goodman Time by the forelock. Pray, ladies, have ye heard any thing lately of the two Miss Worthy's?—Nothing new, answered the Countess, nothing more than that they are both very good and very amiable.—Poor orphans! says lady Cribbage, they are greatly to be pitied. The eldest has preferred an intrigue with her guardian's footman to the honourable addresses of Mr Melvin, and is retired for a month or so to her aunt in the country. While her sister, on the other hand, preferred lawful marriage with the butler to a settlement of a thousand a year from his grace of A——. Miss Worthy, said the Colonel, is certainly gone to her aunt's, as your ladyship intimated; for Mr Melvin and she are to be with her in a few days, by her own

appointment: and I can vouch, that her sister has married the butler your ladyship mentions, for he is a very particular friend of mine; a young gentleman of great merit, family, and fortune, who assumed that disguise, like a hero in romance, in order to gain the nearer access to his princess.

For shame, gentlemen, says lord Mansfield, no more of your vindications, I beseech ye. Perhaps there is not a single person present, who is not at this moment a subject of railery, mayhap of calumny, to some other tea-table. Let us also take up the racket and return the ball of scandal. Indeed, I know few people of whom any good can be said; and none who may not be censured, without offence to truth. Beside, as evil is now spoken so universally of every body, no one is hurt thereby. If any, in particular, should escape detraction, it might justly be suspected that they had no one quality that deserved to be envied.

O fye, my lord, cried lady Cribbage, how can you think so uncharitably of people? there are many of my acquaintance who have really valuable qualities. 'Tis true, there is lady Gamelove, and Mrs Situp, and Miss Freak, and a hundred others, whose heads will fit the cap of scandal, turn it which way you will. But then there is Mrs Orderly, and Miss Neighbourly, and a few others, whose reputations remain almost quite unsullied. If Mrs Orderly has
faults,

faulſ, ſhe however has the diſcretion to keep them from view. Miſs Neighbourly, indeed, does not ſet up for a beauty; ſhe knows ſhe will have nothing to repent of for any murders committed by her pinkiſg eyes; but then ſhe is the beſt tempered and pleaſanteſt body breathing; ſhe never fails to excite merriment wherever ſhe comes; 'tis a pity it ſhould ever happen at her own expence.

If I didn't fear to be tedious, ſaid lady Homespun, I could give you a recent ſtory that affected me extremely. The company inſtantly urged her to gratify their curioſity, and ſhe began as follows:

Some weeks ago, I ſent to the ſervants office to enquire for a female of ſome education, who might aſſiſt me in the inſtruction of my little girls. The day following a young woman came to be hired. Her appearance was moſt beſpeaking; and with a countenance expreſſive of every virtue, ſhe looked a renunciation of the ſmalleſt title thereto.

I aſked for her character; but ſhe answered, with an air of the deepeſt humiliation, that ſhe had never been at ſervice; that ſhe was an unfortunate ſtranger who deſerved no one's good word; and that ſhe had nothing to aſk, but my acceptance of her labour, and the ſhelter of my roof.

I had not the heart to reject her; and, on trial, I found that ſhe was miſtreſs of the polite languages,

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languages, and, of every female accomplishment, though she did not seem to have reached her two and twentieth year.

She grew extremely fond of my children. She used to look with a melancholy kind of pleasure upon them; and frequently, during the times of her dressing or instructing them, I observed her tears striving to steal away unnoticed.

This, with the thousand elegancies that accompanied her words and actions, made me impatient to know whence and who she was. She perceived my curiosity; and with a beseeching and mortified air, Ah madam! said she, seek not to hate me; seek not to know the story of my shame, since it cannot be told without reflecting discredit on persons of worth and honour.

The day after, Sir Hammer Homespun came in, where Peggy, for so she called herself, was chatting with my little girls at the further end of the room. I am come, my dear, said he, from a visit to Mr Grace, the new acquaintance in whose praise you heard me speak so largely. I enquired out his house, and went up without ceremony. As I entered his chamber, I was struck with a new and very affecting object. He sat opposite to a pier glass, wherein I observed him, unnoticed; and on each knee he held an infant, over whom he wept plentifully, while

while he caressed them, in turns, and tenderly pressed them to his bosom.

At length he perceived me, and rose in confusion. You have caught me, Sir Hammer, said he, lamenting the loss of a false woman, whom yet I cannot cease to love, and whose fault has not been able to abate my fondness for these her innocent offspring. The misguided wretch, while I was lately in the country, eloped with Lord Riot from her own honour and happiness. Lord Riot has since paid his trespass with his life; but what is become of my Peggy I know not. Can I depend on your goodness to enquire her out? 'tis a pity that one so lovely should be utterly lost. Here is a bill for 500 £. dispose of it, my friend, as you think best for her advantage, and let not her necessities plunge her deeper in guilt.

Here the children shrieked out, and cried that Peggy was dead, their Peggy was dead! We instantly ran to them, and found her in a fit, in which she continued several hours without sign of life. As soon as she opened her eyes, she turned them languidly upon me. Ah 'madam! said she, you know me now. I am faulty indeed, but much more unfortunate. And as you were lately desirous to hear my story, you shall have it without extenuation or disguise.

I am daughter to a poor farmer, who was tenant to the father of Mr Grace. When I

was

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was about nine years old, the young gentleman, who was lately returned from the college, happened to be out a sporting, and called in at my father's. I considered him as a species quite different from all I had seen of man. His presence gave me a pleasure till then unfeelt, and his parting was as the loss of something extremely dear.

From that time he chose our part of the country for the scene of his diversions, and his visits became longer and more frequent. He never failed to bring me some little present, and I betrayed my affection by many ardent testimonies.

In about three years, old Mr Grace died. My father got, no one knew how, into plentiful circumstances, and sent me to a boarding-school, where I was carefully educated in all the becoming matters of which I was capable.

I now began to apprehend from whom my advantages flowed; and my young heart was penetrated with the most lively and affecting gratitude. I grew more reserved, however, as my sentiments grew more ardent: and whenever my benefactor came to visit me, we appeared under a mutual restraint from the suppression of passions, which I thought it indecent and be unreasonable, to express.

When I arrived at the age of sixteen years, Mr Grace publicly addressed me for marriage. Can you think it, madam, that while my heart embraced

embraced the overture with the warmest transport; it was yet with the strongest reluctance, that I yielded to a happiness which I deemed so injurious to the honour and interest of him, whom I loved as I loved my own soul.

Five years, the happiest sure that ever were passed upon earth, I lived blessing and blessed by my heart's chosen master, and bore him three lovely resemblances of the image that was always present to my soul.

One night Mr Grace, returning later than usual, brought home a wounded gentleman, but entered as privately as possible, for fear of alarming me. This gentleman was Lord Riot, whose life Mr Grace had saved, at the peril of his own, from the resentment of an injured husband, who had set upon him with advantage.

As it was feared that his wounds were mortal, the surgeons advised that he should not be removed, and he lay six weeks at our house; where, induced by hospitality and the desire of my husband, I attended him with a care and tenderness that he rewarded with perdition.

When he took his leave of us, he seemed to labour under a sense of insufferable obligations. As soon as his health was established, he sent me a diamond necklace of great value; but Mr Grace was then in the country and I directly returned the traitor's present. The next day he sent up his name, and requested to

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to be admitted; but I excused myself from receiving the visits of gentlemen in the absence of my husband. The day following, however, having bribed my servants, he was permitted to enter my chamber; when, without addressing a word to his lordship, I severely rebuked my maid for such an insolent intrusion, and withdrawing hastily to my closet, I clapt to the door.

After this I heard no more of lord Riot for some time; but, alas! he and his diabolical instruments were not idle. One evening, being seized with an unaccountable drowsiness, I lay down, and was insensible to every thing that passed, 'till I awakened the day following in a strange bed, and in the arms of my cruel and accursed undoer.

I instantly screamed out; and pushing him violently from me, sprung out upon the floor. While I huddled on my clothes, all the horrors of my condition rose full upon my view. I flew to the door, but finding it locked, I was seized with sudden madness. I dashed the piers and jars to shivers. I caught whatever came in my way, and threw it at the villain, who, terrified by my fury, made his escape through a back-door, and bolted it after him.

Some women, whom he sent to me, recovered me from a fit. The dear and tender images of husband and children then came to my

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my mind. My rage was drowned in my grief; I wept and sobbed without ceasing.

For three weeks I continued thus immured and inconsolable, my fits of frenzy still returning whenever lord Riot presented himself to my view. At length, I assumed the patience to expostulate with him on the irretrievable ruin he had brought upon me, my wreck of fame and honour; and what was infinitely worse, my loss of husband and children, to whose faces I never more should dare to lift an eye.

While I continued to reproach my betrayer, we heard a bustle below stairs. He flew to some pistols that hung in the apartment. The door burst open. My husband suddenly entered. Lord Riot fired at him, and somebody fell. But I waited not to enquire into the issue of the scuffle. The face of my injured husband was now more dreadful to me than that of my ravisher. The doors lay open. I hurried to the street. I flew along, knew not where; and running into a little shop, I sat down by the counter, and fainted away.

The poor woman of that little house behaved herself toward me with much humanity. She told her part of my unhappy story. And I determined for ever to hide myself from family and acquaintance, and as far as possible from the world, she put me in the way of
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getting into service; whereby I have received the only consolation, of which I am capable on this side the grave, that of your ladyship's favour and protection.

Here Mrs Grace closed her distressful history. As Sir Hanmer and I greatly pined and esteemed her, we endeavoured to give her comfort, by observing, that there was nothing in this adventure, wherewith the most censorious, or even a husband of the most delicate sentiments, could reproach her. Al madam, said she, when my body was as pure as my spirit, I was every way unworthy of Mr Grace; and shall I now bring pollution to his honourable bosom? How will the world interpret my residing three weeks in the house and custody of a libertine? Alas, I have no portion save disgrace to bequeath to my dear infants, nor any legacy to my kindred but confusion of face. But—I feel that I have listened to the end of my sorrows.

As she spoke her countenance altered, and we persuaded her to lie down and try to take some repose.

Within an hour or two after, a gentleman came, and hastily enquired for my husband. It was Mr Grace. My dear Sir Hanmer, said he eagerly, rejoice with me! my Peggy is innocent, she is virtuous as ever. That ruffian Lord Riot, by the promise of a thousand guineas, prevailed on her woman to give her sleep.

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sleeping potion, and had her conveyed to his house during her state of insensibility. O my Peggy, might I but behold you once again! Riot, finding it impossible to subdue her to his pleasure, refused to pay the woman the price of her perfidy, and she in revenge told me where he held my wife secreted. O my distressed, my shamefaced angel, what is become of you? I took out a replevin, and forced my way into the villain's house. He aimed a pistol at me, but happened to shoot his accomplice. He then drew his sword, but at the second pass I pierced him to the heart. The traitress did not immediately die of her wound; she survived till within this hour, and in her mortal agonies, she revealed to me all the circumstances of this diabolical plot.

Here we consoled Mr Grace, by informing him that his lady was safe and in the house; but that she was something indisposed, and had lain down to rest. His impatience was too great to be restrained from seeing her. I entered her chamber first, and apprised her of his coming. As he tenderly approached, she started up in her bed, and her bosom was agitated with agonizing emotions. She gazed wildly at him. She attempted to speak, but could not find utterance; when, seizing his hand, and catching it to her lips, she sunk down gently, and expired upon the pressure.

As some of the company still continued to

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honour

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honour lady Homespun's pathetic narration with their tears, lady Cribbage, cried out, Cards, cards here immediately, to drive away melancholy!

After cards an elegant supper was served up, and after supper the conversation happened to turn upon dress.

Is it not amazing, cried Sneer, (with a farcaetical glance at the ladies) is it not amazing to think, that the nature and reason of things should be so wholly inverted as, in some cases, to mean and effect the very reverse of their original intention and institution? The first use that was made of the fig-leaf demonstrates, that dress was solely appointed for the covering of shame and nakedness: and yet woman has been so ingenious, in process of time, as to turn the loss of her robe of original innocence, into matter of pride and ostentation.

The covering from cold, as well as from shame, said the Colonel, may be allowed of some sensible use, with respect to dress; at least among us, who are placed so far north of the tropic.

Our neighbour Lewis, last winter, had occasion to pass through the streets of Paris. His travelling palace was drawn by eight white steeds. The frost was intensely sharp; the glasses were all drawn up; and this warm enterprizer for universal monarchy, sat shivering.

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ing amidst the wrappings of his furs and robings.

As he passed, he espied a young man of a portly personage, standing at an angle, clad in a single silk coat, with his hair powdered out, and his hat under his arm.

Lewis instantly pulled the bell; his coach stopped; he let down a side window; he ordered the stranger to be called; and as nothing makes a man so mannerly as the sensible want of something from the party to whom he applies, the Monarch addressed him with the most gracious and affable air, and requested to know by what means he could keep himself so warm, in such extremity of weather.

That, Sire, answered the stranger, is a secret which my honour forbids me to reveal; and which nothing shall extort from me, save the commands of your Majesty. I promise you, Sir, said the King, that I shall not be ungrateful; and that you shall have no cause to repent your having entrusted me with your recipe. I engage then, Sire, that provided you follow my prescription, there shall not be so warm a Monarch in the Universe. I am impatient, pray inform me, what am I to do? As I do, so please your Majesty; put your whole wardrobe upon your back! The King laughed himself into a heat, and that very

Q 3

hour

hour ordered a commission in his own guards to be made out for his prescriber.

Your story, Colonel, is elegantly facetious, said lady Maitland. I apprehend, however, that other valuable purposes are answered by dress, over and above the mere decency and comfort of clothing. Were it not for the various distinctions of dress, it would be impossible to point out the several orders of men throughout the respective subordinations that are necessary to society. Without this useful expedient, we should be in utter confusion, we should not know who was who; we should not know to whom respect or obedience was due, nor be able to ascertain the prince from the peasant.

O lud, cried Mrs Mawkin, as your ladyship says, how frightfully humbling and mortifying it would be! Without the richness of dress, how should we of the grand monde shew any difference between ourselves and vile plebeians?

O, madam, answered lady Cribbage, plebeians are not confined to low life alone; the great world has its vulgar too, I assure you. The difference does not lie in the richness; I have seen an ass clothed in a very gorgeous sumpter-cloth. The true distinction lies in wearing the qualities of the mind on the outward habit, in the peculiarity of fancy and elegance of taste.

Your

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Your ladyship might surely have added, said Miss Trinket, that dress is a handmaid to beauty too; it serves to adorn and embellish nature with art, and to make what is lovely still more attracting. However brilliant a diamond may be in itself, it wants of its value and lustre till suitably set; there may be an elegance to be sure in the manner of setting, but still it ought to be cased in nothing but gold.

I greatly lament the departure of Mrs Philigree, said lord Mansfield, it is she who would have adorned your ornaments, ladies; and have dressed out dress itself, in a sumptuous oute of terms, and new cut of phrase. I agree indeed with the countess, that some tokens or markings, such as those that dress supplies, are requisite for distinguishing the several orders and subordinations of people in a community; but I am sorry to find that these same markings or tokens should, very nearly, engross the whole of the things intended to be signified. If you take the full-bottomed wig from a judge, what will become of his wisdom? or lawn and satin from bishops, what would become of their sanctity? or, should monarchs be deprived of their crowns and regalia, I doubt it would be a fearful abridgment of majesty.

I also agree with lady Cribbage, that the qualities of the mind are worn on the outward habit. But, pray ye, what sort of internal qualities do those external habits exhibit? even every

every species of affectation, folly, and vanity, that is conceivable. The whole futile soul of a female seems to have forsaken its frail mansion, and to float upon the surface of her attire. In the long labours of the toilette, where so much pains, time, and treasure is expended on an elaborate externity, does not a woman as good as confess, that the whole of her value lies where the whole of her care is bestowed?

Now, in all these operations, female vanity proposes to excite the same sensations in others that it feels in and for itself, on the pleasing contemplation of its own image. Ah misdeeming and pitiable objects! while ye pass along, or sit exalted in your imaginary pre-eminence, some of your sex behold you with an eye of contempt, others with an eye of envy, and all with an eye of malevolence, inquisitive after your miscarriages, and desirous of publishing and magnifying the smallest of your failings.

Men, indeed, behold you with an eye of pleasure, because they draw an inference from your vanity that flatters their own. They contemplate you as dressing at them. They consider the labours of your toilette as a confession of desiring to be desired; as an advance on your part, and a kind of challenge for them to approach and capitulate.

I own that beauty, as Miss Trinket has observed, may occasionally derive a sort of accession from dress, like a diamond encased in precious

cious metal. But how much more generally do we observe conceited ugliness and deformity deriving additional darkness from the lustre that surrounds it, like a turnip or toadstool encircled by gems?

Whether finery gives additional force to the magnet of beauty, for exciting and drawing our affections to it, is an article of which I am much in doubt. What say you to this question, Mr Fenton?

I hold, my lord, said Mr Fenton, that finery is merely a Narcissus, that neither loves nor is beloved by any except itself. It is much to be questioned whether belle or beau ever engaged the affections of any sensible person of the opposite sex; and where they themselves have been susceptible of the delicate passion, they, from that moment, ceased to be belles or beaus. Paris is the only beau, as I remember, that ever was capable of loving a woman; and yet, as you all know, she was not a dressed lady to whom he gave the prize.

Dame Iris was the greatest belle in all the heaven of Pagan theology. She was, as we may say, the female Joseph dressed out in her gay coat of many colours; and yet we do not find that she ever attracted the love of a single immortal, or even mortal, though she duly and daily visits them in all her finery, and fails not to shed showers of tears at their disdain.

Finery may dazzle, it may awe, but cannot possibly

possibly excite the smallest pittance of affection. This can alone be done by something more personal, by something less superficial. Even the *simplex munditiis*, that ornament of a clean simplicity, recommended by Horace, can operate only by imitation of deeper purity. The Virtues alone can weave the truly enchanting robe of female influence, and the Graces alone gird on the Cæstus or girdle of irresistible beauty.

Among the infinite variety of female fashions, which, in turns, have been fantastically predominant upon earth, I remember but of one so very obsolete as not to have revived in some distant age or climate. That the memory of this same fashion should not be wholly lost, it is recorded by St Paul in his first epistle to Timothy. There he recommends it to the ladies, to "adorn themselves with sobriety and "shamefacedness, not with broidered hair, or "gold, or pearls, or costly array."

St Paul, however, in this piece of advice, appears to have spread a net for the hearts of his own sex. The haughty, reluctant, and stubborn spirit of man, can reject wealth and title, can look with indifference on these symmetry of shape and features, and guard itself against the attack of female artifice; but female bashfulness is an unconscious thief, to whom the doors of all hearts are instantly thrown open.

In short, the maid who would atchieve the whole

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whole laurel of conquest, must not be obvious or obtrusive; like Daphne, she must fly though pursued by an Apollo.

Here the company, breaking up, gave distinct and pressing invitations to Mr Fenton; but he politely excused his attendance for the present, on account of a multiplicity of indispensable business.

On the following morning, as he sat in his study, some one tapped at the door; and on being desired to walk in, who should enter but lady Maitland in an agreeable deshabille.

Mr Fenton, said she (deeply blushing and hesitating) I, I——you must think it very odd—I say, Sir, I should not have intruded upon you, thus out of all form, perhaps indecently, unseasonably.——Please to be seated, madam.——The business I come upon, Sir, is so very interesting, so concerning to my peace, that I could not refuse myself this opportunity of breaking in upon you.—Be assured, my dear madam, that the greatest pleasure you can do me is to let me know, as soon as possible, wherein I can serve you.

Here the countess, looking eagerly and inquisitively on him, put her hand in her bosom, took out a picture, and alternately surveying the one and the other, Yes, she cried, it is, it must certainly be so. Then, reaching out the picture, Can you tell me, Sir, said she, for whom

whom this was drawn, or rather do you remember to whom you gave it?

Mr Fenton took the picture, looked at it, and started; when, recollecting ideas and passages as from afar off, Good God; he exclaimed, is it possible, can you be my little Fanny Goodall? Yes, my dearest cousin, answered the countess, as surely as you are the still too amiable Harry Clinton.

Hereupon they both rose suddenly, and Mr Fenton, catching his quondam Fanny in his arms, pressed her to his bosom with warm and kindred affection. But the agitation of the countess was too big for utterance; till, resigning her chair, she gave scope to her passion, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a mutual and affecting silence; Ah! cries Mr Fenton, in a voice expressive of much emotion, how am I, my lovely cousin, to interpret these tears? Am I to consider them as further proofs of your ancient aversion to me, or as kindly and dear instances of your returning affection?—The countess answered not; and Mr Fenton continued.

You may remember, my cousin, that I had very few relations. My only brother ever continued to behave himself toward me as an alien and an enemy; and my only uncle and guardian, who, in his later years, became your father, was no way agreeable to my taste or disposition. In you, therefore, from your infan-

cy,

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by, in you alone, my amiable cousin, I had centred all my sensations of fatherhood, brotherhood, all the affections and tender feelings that naturally arise from kindred and consanguinity. How have I been delighted with your infantine prattle! how have I exulted in your opening charms! On the death of my first wife you were my only consolation; and in your innocent caresses and attractive endearments, I felt a sweetness of emotion that I never felt before.

On my return from France, with what transports did you receive me! we grew as it were in our embracements, to each other. You were then, as I apprehend, about ten years of age. But on my next visit, you refused to be seen by me. Soon after you were taken ill. I daily went, with an aching heart, to enquire after your health; but your mamma peremptorily refused me admission to your presence, till, on your recovery, you were conveyed from me, and sequestered into the country.

Though this unkindness went near my heart, it did not alter my affections; I still continued to enquire after you, I still continued to be interested in you, and I preferred my ardent wishes and prayers to heaven for your prosperity.

Mr Fenton, said lady Maitland, (you have unquestionably your reasons for chusing to be so called) I am very sensible, Sir, I say, of

your extraordinary partiality to me from my earliest years. Your tenderness, as you mentioned, was that of the fondest of fathers or brothers. You knew the degree and kind of affection that was suitable between such relations; and you kept yourself precisely within the limits. But alas! for my part, I knew no such distinctions. I was as a piece of virgin-wax, warmed and willingly yielding to the first kindly impression. You made that impression, my cousin, you made it deep and entire. As I had but the one heart, so I had but the one love; and that love was all your own, without distinction or degree.

Gracious Heaven, exclaimed Mr Fenton, what is this you tell me, madam? Is it possible, that at your years, you should actually conceive a passion for one who might almost have been your grandfather? Ah, if that be the case, what have I not to answer, for indulging you and myself in those innocent caresses, which, at that time, fondly constituted the most pleasing sensations of my life!

Alas, replied the countess, if you have any thing to answer for, on that account, the charge indeed is very weighty which I have to bring against you.

I was not eight years old when I begged this picture from you, which you generously enriched with this circlet of diamonds. Soon after you went to France; and during your absence

sence, this picture was my constant companion, whom I caressed, whom I talked to, and to whom alone I made my complaints in all my little matters of grievance.

I know not by what instinct or kind of cunning it was, that I endeavoured to conceal my affection for this your resemblance, and never made my court to it but when I was alone.

The morning after your visit, on your return from Paris, as I was carelessly performing the business of my little toilette before the glass; I took out your picture, and surveyed it with new and increasing delight. In the meantime I did not know that my mamma stood behind me, attentive to all my motions that were reflected to her by the mirror. She heard me talk to your picture, she saw me kiss it, and eagerly press it to my bosom. At last I turned my eye to the glass, and perceived a piece of her image; whereon I started, coloured, and trembled, and was thrown, I knew not why, into the utmost confusion.

Ah, Fanny, cried my mother, what is this that I see? your young heart, my child, is certainly affected. Unquestionably you love your cousin Clinton.

Ought I not to love him, madam? does he not love me, as well as I love him? No, no, my darling, said my mother, I would to Heaven that he did. Your cousin Clinton indeed

is worthy of all love, but then he has lately given away his heart to another. He is married, my Fanny—And cannot he love me still, for all that, madam?—By no means, my sweet innocent. When once a man marries, he vows and swears, and obliges himself to love nobody living but his wife; and what is more my Fanny, it is accounted very naughty in any girl to think of loving such a one afterwards.

What emotions did I then feel, what a conflict of opposing passions! but resentment, for the time, got the upper hand. I had yet formed no idea of the relations of sex, or matrimony, or any conjugal obligation, save that of love alone. But then it was sufficient to me that I had given you my whole heart; that nothing less than your whole heart could satisfy me in return; and I felt myself offended and outraged to the last degree, by your having imparted a share thereof to another.

The day following, as I sat languid and much discomposed, as well by my passion as want of rest the night before; my mamma came up to tell me that you was below and enquired for me. No, no, my dearest mamma, said I, it does not signify, I will not see him. Let him go to whomever he loves best. —But what shall I say to him, my Fanny, what excuse shall I make?—No matter for
excuse,

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excuse, madam; tell him that I never desire to see his face any more.

As something informed me that you could not help still loving me a little, I laid hold of that little love to pique, and disoblige, and be revenged of you for your perfidy; and as long as you staid, the thoughts of the pain and uneasiness, I presumed you were under, gave me vast delight. But as soon as I was told you were gone, my heart sunk down, as from a mount of triumph, into a depth of desolation.

My mamma came up to console me. She highly applauded my spirit, and the resentment I had shewed; and she blamed you for marrying another, at a time that you pretended so much fondness to me. She further endeavoured to set me against your age. She told me that you must soon be old and ugly, and wrinkled, and that you were much fitter to be my father than my lover. She also spoke to me of my vast fortune, of my beauty, and so forth; and that I might have my pick and choice of all the young and handsome earls and dukes in the nation. She opened to me, in a variety of glittering prospects, all the pleasures and advantages of wealth, title, state, equipage, with the respects and admiration of crowds bending around me. As she represented them to my imagination, I caught at each of them for comfort; but alas, I did not

find you among them, and all to me became empty.

That night my tender mamma forsook her own bed, and came to lie in mine. I saw that she had been afflicted; so, for fear of adding to her trouble, I suppressed my own emotions, and pretending to be asleep, I lay quiet by her side till toward morning, when I was seized with a violent fever. During my illness I was told that you came daily to enquire about me; and that, I believe, above all things contributed to my recovery. One day, my mamma came and informed me that you sat below in tears, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see me. O, how sweet and comforting did those tears seem to drop upon my heart! but, mustering all my little pride and remaining dignity, No, no, my mamma, I cried, I will die first! If he does not first unmarry himself, I will never see him any more.

When I had gotten strength enough to walk about the chamber, my mamma and I being alone, I went to my drawer; and taking out your picture, and turning my head aside, I reached it to her, saying, Here, madam, take this and lock it up from me; for while I love it and hate it so much, it troubles me to look at it. My mamma thereupon took it from me, and caught me to her bosom; but without saying a word, she burst into tears, and straight quitted the room.

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As soon as it was judged that I was able to travel, my parents, by the advice of their doctors, took me far into the country. My mother, in the mean time, had unquestionably confided my secret to my father; for though he was naturally of a severe and backward temper, he became extremely tender and indulgent toward me.

As I was the only child they ever had, their whole care and solicitude was affectionately employed in procuring me a variety of gratifications and amusements. When I was in spirits, they were in a kind of triumph; but my dejection was to them the most grievous of all oppressions. They took down my French mistress and music master with them; and they collected, from all parts, the most agreeable set of misses and masters that they could muster; so that my time was portioned out the most happily that could be, between business and recreations that were equally pleasing. They had taken care that your name should never be mentioned before me; and though, at times, my soul was athirst, and my ear opened and turned to hear tidings concerning you, yet a certain native bashfulness and fear of offending against decency, did not permit me to enquire after you.

Thus a length of absence and a variety of dissipations, by degrees, greatly abated the ardour of my passion, insomuch that I did not seem

seem to feel any more for you. When any occasion, however, renewed in me the impression of former scenes, a thrilling sort of chilliness would run through my blood. And at other times, when alone and thinking of you, a swimming kind of stupor would fall sadly upon my soul.

On our return to London, after five years absence, the great number of people, with the novelty and variety of objects that crowded upon my view, amused and engaged my whole attention. But, when we entered the old mansion; when I turned my eyes on the places where you sat, where you walked, where you talked and used to caress me, you became as it were actually visible to my eyes; something seemed to wring my heart; and I was seized with a sickness near to fainting. I took hold of my maid by the arm, and with her help walked into the garden for fresh air; but there too you had got before me, on the terrace, in the walks and alleys, where you used to run feigned races with me, and to gather fruit for me, and to play with me at bob-cherry, and afterward to press the lips that had gained the prize. I then turned away from a place that afforded me no asylum from you. My mother met, and eagerly asked what ailed me? Let us go, mamma, I cried, let us go some where else, I am not able to stay in this place any longer. Accordingly, I

very

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very evening, we removed to lodgings; and, in a few days, my dada took and furnished a new house.

I shall not dwell, my dear Sir, on a trivial detail of the many circumstances and little incidents that happened during the space of four succeeding years. An infinity of suitors paid their addresses to me or my fortune, I neither knew nor cared to which, for I continued alike insensible to all. It is true, that during such a number of years, having neither seen nor heard from you, I dropt all thoughts of you, and scarce retained the traces or lineaments of your person or aspect. From the impression, however, which you left in my mind, I had formed to myself a dear, though confused image of the lovely, of the desirable, and this I looked for every where, but could no where find any resemblance thereof.

In the mean time, my parents urged me strongly to matrimony. They affectingly represented that they should not die in peace, if I did not afford them the prospect of perpetuating themselves in my offspring; such is the fond succedaneum which short-lived creatures propose for eking out their existence, and supplying the lot of an inevitable mortality, by the flattering, though poor, substitute of a name or bare remembrance!

At length I told my parents that, as I could not form any choice of my own, I would
trust

trust wholly to their judgment, and take up with whomsoever they should be pleased to appoint. Hereupon they recommended the Earl of Maitland to me. I kept to my promise, and we were consequently married.

My husband was comely in his person, easy and affable in his temper, and a man of singular sense and letters for a lord. He loved me with passion; and as I could not pay him in specie, I endeavoured to supply my want of affection to him by my attention and assiduities.

On the fifth year of my marriage my father died of a good old age; and in four years more my dearest mother left me desolate. In her I lost the only object of fond affections that I had upon earth, and my looks tacitly reproached my husband for his want of power to console me.

I believe it was equally unhappy for my lord, as myself, that we were not blessed with children. The dear and tender attachments that bind parents to their offspring, serve also as a subsequent and more affecting nuptial band for uniting those parents more intimately to each other. It draws about them a new circle of interests and amities; and by creating a mutual confidence, forbids the intrusion of those jealousies that must at all times presuppose an alienation of regard. This, however, was not the case between lord Maitland

and me. We never had a child. Perhaps, in some constitutions, an union of souls as well as persons may be requisite for such an effect.

During the two years succeeding the death of my dear mother, I conceived a disgust against company and entertainments. I took a religious turn. I looked upon this world, and all that it contained, as quite unworthy the regard of an immortal being. The principal part of my time was taken up in books and offices of devotion; in which employment I alternately sunk under the most gloomy depression of spirits, and again was elevated above myself into a new world of joys and inexpressible openings.

At length I was taken exceedingly ill of what the physicians called a fever upon the nerves, which confined me to my bed above six weeks. During my illness, my husband was the most constant and assiduous of all my attendants. The affectionate sadness, the painful distress, the tender solicitude, that was visible in all his looks and actions, made way into my soul, with an obliging impression; and while I reproached myself for my ungrateful defect of sensibility toward him, love, or something tender and very like to love, took place in my bosom.

As soon as I was on the recovery, my husband disappeared, without taking leave or giving me any notice; and for three weeks I

knew

knew not what was become of him. At length he returned, pale and greatly emaciated. I had yet lost none of the tenderness which I conceived for him during my illness. I took him affectionately by the hand, which glowed like a coal of fire. Ah, I cried, where have you been, what looks are these, my lord, what is the meaning of all this? He answered not; but withdrawing his hand, and scarce deigning to look toward me, I am not well, he faintly said, I must go to my bed.

While his servants undressed him, I stood in silent astonishment, vainly guessing at the cause of this extraordinary behaviour: but as soon as he had lain down, I took a seat by his side; and seizing and pressing one of his hands between mine, I broke into tears.

After a sad and mutual silence, Ah, madam, cried my husband, what am I to understand by these tears? I am willing to consider them as proofs of your humanity, but I cannot consider them as instances of your affection. You love me not, madam; you never did love me. All the constancy and complacency of the most ardent passion, all my endeavours and assiduities have not been able to procure me the smallest interest in your heart. I blame you not, madam; alas! we are not the masters of our own affections. I am sensible that I never deserved your love. That was a blessing reserved for a more amiable

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able object. But then the tenderness and truth of my attachment to you might surely have laid claim to a share of your confidence. Ah, how precious had such a confidence been to my heart! it had stood to me in the place of your love, and I should not have reproached you for irresistible propensities: yes, madam, I say irresistible, for I know you are virtuous. Perhaps it was not in your power to refuse another your love; but then you might have admitted your husband to a share of your friendship.

You have my friendship, I cried, my tenderest friendship, my most affectionate regards. If my love is not so ardent as you could wish, you however have all the love of which I am capable, and you possess it entire and undivided.

What is this you tell me, madam? I would to heaven you could still deceive me, that I had still continued in ignorance! but that is past; it is over, madam; my eyes are opened to my wretchedness, and I die in the double want of your faith and your affection. I have seen your lover, lady; I saw him four days ago from an opposite window. He stood before this house in converse with another. I expected every moment, that taking advantage of my absence, he would have gained admission to you. I held my sword ready to follow, to pierce his heart, and sacrifice him to the

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claims of my honour and my love. But he suddenly disappeared and disappointed my vengeance.

Gracious heaven! I exclaimed, what madness is this? Do you dream, or who is it that has thus cruelly imposed upon you? You shall see the impostor, madam, replied my lord. So saying, he suddenly put his hand back; and taking your picture from under the pillow, he indignantly demanded, Do you know the original of this portrait, lady? Ah, I screamed, I confess it, I do know him, I did know him indeed: he was the idol of my heart; I delighted in him, I doated upon him! You then acknowledge, you avow it, rejoined my husband; and at length you deign to make me the confident of a passion which I suppose, in your favour, to have been involuntary. Ah, had I been earlier apprised of my unhappiness, I might not have sunk under the unexpected and sudden pressure as I do at this day. But say, who and what is this formidable rival, who robs me of my peace, who tears my life from me?

First tell me, my lord, said I, how you came by this picture? I found it in your cabinet during your illness, said he, when I searched for your essences to relieve you from a fainting fit. I flatter myself that I am not of a jealous disposition. Curiosity first incited me to hurry into my pocket. I afterwards surveyed it more

at leisure, and some starting doubts arose. I endeavoured to suppress them; I argued with myself that it might be a family picture, the representative of a brother or dear relation deceased. But then some enemy of my peace again whispered to my spirit, that, if this had been the case, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me; you would rather have boasted of such an ornament of your lineage; you would have been proud to exhibit it before all people—this staggered me I confess; and additional doubts and suggestions were impelled upon my soul. She reserves this, said I to myself, for her own eye and inspection; to revise it, to gaze and dwell upon it in secret; and to please her sight with the favourite image that is impressed upon her heart. At each of these reflections, I felt a sting in my bosom; and the more I revolved and debated on these uncertainties, the greater strength they gained, and drew nearer to demonstration. Ah, I cried, her real coldness and feigned regards are now equally accounted for. She deceives me, she imposes upon me; and I will counterfeit in my turn till this mystery is detected. I then attempted and would have constrained myself to look at you with my accustomed tenderness; but I found it impossible. I therefore withdrew suddenly and without any notice. If ever she had a tincture of friendship for me, thought I, the apprehension

of my loss will awake in her a sense thereof. I disguised myself; and, as a stranger, took lodgings over-against you. I took my station at the window. I was on the watch from morn till noon, to make a thorough inquisition into your conduct during my absence. I shall discover her disposition, said I, by the visitants whom she receives; but, during a fortnight of observation, I could not perceive that, of the numbers who called, any one was admitted. My jealous passions abated; and I began to reproach myself for having ever conceived them; when, to my utter confusion, there stood full to my view, in dress, aspect, mien, attitude, the distinguished original of the portrait which I had in my pocket.

Here I passionately broke in upon my husband's narration. God be praised, I exclaimed! he then lives, he still lives, my most dear and amiable cousin, though I never wish to behold his face any more! My only relation, perhaps now my only friend, you are still living, and I trust you are happy; and that is enough!

Your relation, your only relation, madam, cried my lord! is he so near? is he no nearer, no dearer to you, than consanguinity will warrant? Proceed, my lord, I said; I will then tell you all, without disguise or palliation.

I confess to you, answered my husband, that the sight of him struck my soul with the fullest conviction

conviction of my being betrayed. My jealous pangs returned with double poignancy. I was enkindled, I was set on fire, my heart was rent several ways. A violent fever seized upon me, but my fury and thirst of vengeance supported me under it. For four days longer I held up in the impatient expectation of once more beholding your lover, that I might pierce him in a thousand places, in every seducing part about him. But nature at length gave way; I sunk under the oppression; and I returned, once for all, to behold, to reproach, and to expire before you.

O, my husband, my friend, my true lover, I cried, how I pity, how I feel for you? I excuse your suspicions, however injurious to my honour, since your jealousy perhaps is not wholly without foundation. I did indeed love the person for whom that portrait was drawn, with tenderness, with passion: but believe me, when I assure you that I have not set my eyes, either on the original or picture these twenty years.

What is this you tell me? exclaimed my lord. You are not yet, as I take it, thirty years of age. Could you love, even to passion, at so very early a period?

Here I found myself under the necessity of discovering to my husband the little adventures, impressions, and sentiments of my infancy, wherewith you are already acquainted. When I had finished my short narrative, he seized my

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hand, and pressing it passionately to his lips, and then to his burning bosom, he melted into tears. O, my Fanny, he cried, my most noble, my adorable creature! what a combat have you fought, what a conquest have you gained, of grace over nature, of virtue against passion! Can you excuse me, will you forgive me? may I hope that you will restore me to the blessings of your friendship? May I flatter myself that you gave me as much as you could of your affections? that if you had been able, you would have loved me with a love like mine?

I will not distress you, my cousin, by a description of the affecting scenes that ensued. My husband left me vastly rich, but still more forlorn. During the first years of my widowhood, I looked upon myself as a friendless and unnecessary burden upon earth. Though I thought of you at times, it was not without resentment and a tincture of aversion, for you never having deigned to enquire or find out whether any such person, as your too affectionate Fanny Goodall, was in the land of the living. At length my physicians and my friends (as they styled themselves) prevailed upon me once more, to enter into the light and air and amusements of their world. I consented. I found my advantage in it. I gradually got rid of the grievous oppression that lay upon my spirits. Since all is vanity, thought I let us partake of the dissipation, and make it a
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pleasing as we can ; and accordingly you found me in the engagements which you honoured with your inspection yesterday.

When you entered, I did not know you. The strange name of Fenton, as well as the alteration which years had made in you, shut you out almost wholly from my recollection. I felt myself, however, agitated I knew not why. Something in your person and manner renewed in my heart impressions kindred to those which were once its sole concern. I could not look at you, I could not speak to you, without emotion. All night I lay disturbed, in vain endeavouring to remember when or where I had seen you. At morning a sudden light darted in upon my mind. I got up and flew to your picture, which at once laid all open, and detected your disguise.

You are much altered, cousin. Had I first seen you as you now appear, I think my young heart would not have been so deeply affected. The ruin however is still very noble, and endearingly renews in me the idea of what the building once was.

Your abstracted air, and the change of your name, seem to intimate some distressing situation. But, if fifty thousand pounds, or that sum doubled, will be of use to you, I shall for once think that fortune has been of advantage to me.

My most dear and generous cousin, replied
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Mr Fenton, I shall never pardon myself those griefs which the excess of my affection inadvertently occasioned you. No brother ever loved a sister, no parent a child, with sonder passion. The aversion, which I thought you had suddenly taken to me, was one of the most sensible afflictions of my life; and my ignorance of what latterly became of you, can only be accounted for by an abstract of my own story.

Here Mr Fenton called for chocolate. And after breakfast, he gave lady Maitland the following affecting history of his own life and adventures.

CHAP. XIII.

STORY of the Hon. Mr CLINTON.

THE world, my lovely cousin, the world is to man, as his temper or complexion. The mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity: winter presents no cloud to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for the spirit that is in a state of dejection. In my youth every object presented me with

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with happiness; but alas, the time came, when the universe appeared as a vault wherein joy was entombed, and the sun himself but as a lamp that served to shew the gloom and the horrors around me.

As my father and mother died before I was taken from nurse, I knew none of those parental tenderneſſes and endearments that ſerve to humanize the ſoul, and give it the firſt impreſſions of ſocial attachment; neither were thoſe ſweetneſſes in any degree ſupplied to me, by the behaviour of an imperious brother, or of a magiſterial guardian. As I was naturally, however, of a benevolent caſt, I ſought for thoſe affections and amities among ſtrangers, which I had not found in the boſoms or faces of kin.

I paſs over the immaterial parts of my life at ſchool and college, and haſten to the more important period of my apprenticeship.

Your father bound me to Mr Golding, a very wealthy and eminent merchant, who lived over againſt the Exchange. He had been ſome years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, was then at a boarding ſchool.

Mr Golding, with a plain underſtanding, was a man of exceeding honeſty and a ſuſceptible heart. At firſt ſight he conceived a partial affection for me, whereof he gave me very frequent and very tender proofs; and, as he ſtood to me in the place of a patron and a father, I felt

felt for him all the fondness and attachment of a child.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship he called me to his closet, and taking me kindly by the hand, Harry, says he, I love you; your interest lies near my heart; for though you are not the begotten of my body, you are the child of my affections.—Be quiet Harry—let me speak—I have to talk to you of matters of consequence.—I went yesterday to your uncle Goodall, to know how accounted stood between ye—though he is but a cold kind man, he is a very faithful guardian.—He has just married a very lovely young woman, and would have you go and pay your compliments to them on the occasion.—Your uncle has laid out your little penny to good advantage, and your 12000*l.* is now nearly doubled.—And now, Harry, as your father did not behave like a father toward you in the dividend which he made between you and your brother, I propose in some measure to supply his place, and make you a present of this note of 12000*l.* which added to your little patrimony may enable you.—O, Sir! I cried.—Be quiet child, I say again, till you find whether or no you shall have reason to thank me.—I am growing old, my Harry, and by a long course of industry have earned a kind of title to some little rest; I would therefore gladly make composition between your application and my

repose.

propose. I shall not be so often in the counting-house as usual. I propose to take you into immediate partnership. But as I also propose that you shall be at three-fourths of the trouble, it is but just that I should offer you a proportionable advantage.—Now as my capital, Harry, is more than five times as much as yours of 6000*l*. I offer to your acceptance a full moiety of all the profits in recompence of your extraordinary attention and application.—Hear me out—I do not think that I shall lose by this bargain. The affairs of Potiphar prospered under the hands of young Joseph; and I believe that you, also, are a favourite of your God.

I could not speak. The good man perceived my oppression, and catching me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, he shed a silent tear of satisfaction upon me, and withdrew without saying another word.

For several days following, Mr Golding was employed in advising his correspondents that I was now become his partner and equal in trade, and I was wearied with congratulations on my being one of the principal merchants in London, before I had attained my twentieth year.

The obligations and advantages which this good man thus delighted to heap upon me, incited me to double application and sagacity, and all the eyes of Argus were opened within me

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me for superintending and guarding the interests of my patron.

I have often thought it somewhat romantic, that I should win both my wives by a matter of adventure; so that their partiality in my favour ought, perhaps, to be ascribed to a sentiment of gratitude, rather than to any liking which they might take to my person.

On a day in summer, I rode to Barnet to settle accounts with Mr Fradgil, a correspondent of my master's, who was said to be indisposed at his country-seat. As I approached the town I observed an elderly gentlewoman walking leisurely toward me, attended by an orderly train of young maidens. I observed, at the same time, two men in glittering apparel, who hastily followed, and coming quickly up, put all the females to a stand, and caused them to gather in a group, as for mutual defence. One of the men, however, no way daunted by the opposition of so numerous a company, suddenly caught one of the elder misses in his arms, and repeatedly kissing her, thrust his hand into her bosom. Mean while the young lady shrieked and cried aloud for help; when riding suddenly up, I struck the ruffian to the ground, with the heavy end of my whip. His companion hereupon drew his sword and turned upon me, but, pushing my horse at him, I cast him also to the earth; then alighting, I broke the swords, and leaving my gallants in a plight of sudden

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suddenly to be dreaded, I led my horse by the bridle till I saw my fair wards all safe to their dwelling.

Some months after this incident, Mr Golding called me aside. Harry, says he, my daughter is now drawing to woman's estate, and should learn something more substantial than needle-work, and dancing, and harpsicords, and frenchified phrases. I therefore propose to take her home; where, by the help of our cook and housekeeper, she may be taught how to make a Sunday's pudding, and to superintend a family.

I regularly go to see her, once in every month, accompanied by some male or female acquaintance, but never called you to be of the party, as we could not so conveniently be both from home.

My child, though a plain girl, is very dutiful and good-natured. Her fortune, as you are sensible, will entitle her to the first lord of the land; yet, I know not how it is, I would rather that my girl should be happy than great. I do not wish to have her a fine-titled dame. I would rather, I say, see her married to some honest and tender-hearted man, whose love might induce him to domesticate with her, and to live peaceably and pleasingly within his family-circle, than to see her mated with a prince of the blood.

Now Harry, as this affair, of all affairs, sits
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nearest at my heart, it is greatly in your power to oblige me beyond expression. On my daughter's coming home, I conclude we shall be beset by a number of courtiers; such an Argo, when freighted with such a fleece, will unquestionably be held in chase by many a pirate. Wherefore, my son, I would have you keep a sharp and inquisitive eye about you, and to take good note of the manners and dispositions of such suitors as my daughter shall appear to regard; as also to enquire minutely into their circumstances and characters. Your vigilance and penetration may save us from ruin. Should my child be made unhappy, your friend must be most miserable. But I depend, my dear Harry, that while I live you will prove a kind brother to her; and that you will prove a father to her in case of my mortality. Here the good man, no longer able to restrain his passion, put his handkerchief to his eyes and quitted the chamber.

Within a few days Mr Golding set out, accompanied by a number of his city friends, in order to conduct his daughter home. On their arrival, I was deeply engaged in the counting-house, and it was near the time for supper before I could attend. As I entered Mr Golding presented me to his daughter saying, This, my dear, is Mr Clinton, my partner, my friend, my son, and your brother.

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Hereupon Miss Golding coloured, and drawing back as I approached to salute her, if I am not mistaken, Sir, says she, he is something more to us than all you have mentioned; it would ill become me to forget that he is the deliverer of your daughter.—Your deliverer, my dear Matty! how, where, when?—Why pray, papa, did Mr Clinton never tell you of his adventure at Barnet?—No indeed, my dear.—It is not every one who would be silent, where so much was to be said to their own honour. I remember that your knights in romance, when too modest to boast of their own achievements, used to permit some friend or squire to deliver down to posterity the history of their adventures, and I take the liberty to be squire to Mr Clinton on the like occasion.

Here Miss Golding began to give a narrative of the matter already recited, but in terms of high phrase and aggravated encomium. While all abashed and confused, I withdrew, saying, that I did not remember of any knights who stayed to hear their own story.

In truth, I was much surprised to hear Miss Golding mention the adventure of Barnet: for I did not recollect that I had ever seen her, and had taken much more note of two or three other misses than I had of her.

Being resummoned to supper, Mr Golding,

met me as I entered, and clasping me in his arms, O my Harry, he cried, how wonderfully gracious has God been to me, in sending my best friend to the rescue of my only child; in sending, at so critical and very fearful a conjuncture, perhaps the only person who had either gallantry or humanity enough to preserve her. Indeed, Sir, I replied, you owe me nothing; I did not even know that the lady was your daughter; and I could not pride myself, in any degree, on an action which I thought incumbent on every man to perform.

During supper Miss Golding was very cheerful and agreeable. Her face, indeed, could not be numbered among the beauties; but her person was grace and majesty, though in miniature; her conversation was pleasing; and when she sung or touched her instruments, for she was mistress of several, her mein and motions were music, each note seemed a sentiment, and we felt her fingers playing on the chordage of our hearts.

For the first three months after Miss Golding's arrival, all was crowding and gaiety, assembly, and festival at our house. She was a magnet, that drew and grouped all the peerage and gentry of England together. But as business happened to be very urgent at this season, I was not at liberty to partake of their amusements, and I resigned to Mr Golding the commission which he had given me re-

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specting the parties who declared themselves suitors.

As those suitors, in a daily and numerous succession, applied to Mr Golding for his consent, his general answer was, that his good-liking was inseparable from that of his only child; that he would, if they pleased, consult her on the occasion, and faithfully report to them her approbation or dissent. In the like conclusive manner, when Mr Golding repeatedly questioned his daughter, she would take his hand between her's, and kissing it, say, O no, my dear papa, this is not the man.

One day, as I sat alone in the counting-house, Miss Golding entered and presented me with an order from her father for 250*l*. And pray, madam, said I, why this ceremony, this matter of form? sure Miss Golding may, at any time, command twenty times this sum without any order save her own intimation.—Indeed! are you serious, Mr Clinton? I am very proud I assure you to have so much credit with you.—But, Mr Harry, how comes it to pass that we have so little of your company?—Your father's business, madam, deprives me of the pleasure I should otherwise have in attending you.—Again, Sir, I am quite proud that it is your attention to my father alone, which prevents your having any attention for his daughter—so saying, she vanished.

Immediately I was struck with a glimpse of
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some uncommon meaning in the words and behaviour of Miss Golding; but as I never had looked toward the way of her affections, I passed it lightly over, as some matter of whim or caprice in the sex.

Among the brilliant concourse of suitors that frequented our house, there was one Mr Spelling, a young gentleman highly accomplished in his person and manners, and of a most amiable countenance and disposition. His father, like Miss Golding's, had been a merchant, and like him too had amassed an excessive fortune. As he was modest, as I may say, to a degree of shamefacedness, he did not declare himself a lover, till nearly the whole multitude of competitors had been discarded: then, with a blushing diffidence, he avowed his passion to Mr Golding, and earnestly besought his consent and intercession in his favour. You have not only my consent, replied the good old man, you have also my best wishes, and shall have my best endeavours for your success: However, I must warn you at the same time, Mr Spelling, that I will not do any violence to the inclinations of my child, although there are not two in the world whom I would prefer to you.

I was writing in my closet when Mr Golding came in, with an anxious importance in his countenance, and told me what passed between him and Mr Spelling, and asked if I

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did not approve the match. I do not know, Sir, said I, that man in England who is so deserving of your daughter as Mr Spelling. Then, my dear Harry, I have a commission to give you. Matilda has a great respect for your judgment; I beseech you to make use of your influence with her, and to exert all your oratory in behalf of this young man.—But, Sir, will not Miss Matilda look on this as a matter of high presumption in one who has no manner of right to advise?—No matter; you may tell her that you did it by my desire, and that we are both of a mind with regard to this business.—Well, Sir, said I, since you are bent upon it, I will obey you; but it is the first time that ever I obeyed you with reluctance.

Soon after Mr Golding left me his daughter entered, with a countenance visibly unquiet and confused. My papa, Sir, said she, informs me that you have a business of consequence to impart to me.—I hope, madam, —pray be seated a moment.—Indeed, my dear Miss Golding, this office was not of my choosing, and I hope, I say, you will be so good as to pardon my presumption, in consideration of my acting by your father's command—You alarm me, Mr Clinton, pray proceed—Mr Spelling, madam, at length, has had the assurance to declare his passion for you. Your father highly approves of
Mr

Mr Spelling for a son-in-law; and indeed, Miss, might I dare to speak my judgment, I know not where you could chuse to better advantage.—If that is the case, Mr Harry, I wish that I also could be of the same opinion.—And are you not, madam? what objection can you form, what exception can you have to my friend Spelling?—A very simple one, Sir, and no better than this, that he is not the man who can make me happy.—I am sorry for it, my dear Miss Golding, I am truly sorry for it; were I to pick from mankind, were I to chuse throughout the world, if any one can deserve you, it is surely this same Spelling.—And yet, Mr Harry, I remember to have seen the man who, in every grace and merit, is infinitely preferable to your favourite Spelling.—Where, when, my dear Miss?—When I am brought to the torture, I may possibly be under the necessity of confessing.—Pardon, pardon, sweet madam! I meant no offence; and yet I wish to heaven I knew.—But that you never shall know, Mr Harry.—Pray then, madam, if I may adventure on one question more, has the party so highly favoured any knowledge of his own happiness?—I hope not, Mr Harry; but of what advantage could his knowledge prove to me, I beseech you? Can you suppose that such a person as I have described could deign to look with favour on such a one as I am?

am? I do not believe, madam, that the man is in England who would not think himself highly honoured, highly blessed by your hand. But then are you assured, Miss, that this man is worthy of it?—Ah, there lies my misfortune! he is too worthy, too noble, too accomplished, too lovely, too much every thing, for my wishes to leave any thing to my hopes. And now, Mr Harry, that I have entrusted you with my secret, I hope you will not betray my confidence and reveal it to my papa. I rather trust and request, that you will use some other colour for reconciling him to my refusal of Mr Spelling: and to make you some amends for the mortification I have given you, by rejecting your advocacy in behalf of your friend, I here engage never to marry without your approbation, though I do not promise, Sir, that you shall dictate to my choice. There is one thing further, Mr Clinton, in which you may oblige me; it is to prevail on my father to discontinue these assemblies and revels that pester our house: indeed, they never were to my taste, though, by their novelty, at first, they might have helped to amuse a little matter of melancholy that hung upon my mind; but now they are grown quite insufferable to me.—Here her eye began to fill, and heaving a gentle sigh, she curtsied and withdrew.

Immediately my heart was softened and affected.

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Immediately my heart was softened and affected.

fect. I saw the child of my friend and patron, the one in whom his hopes and fortunes and very life were wrapt up, I saw that she was unhappy, that she was very unhappy, at a time that she had forbidden me to attempt her relief, though I would gladly have parted with half my fortune to have been enabled to give the object of her wishes to her arms.

In the mean while, my dearest madam, it was the farthest of all things from entering into my imagination, that I was the very person who sat so near her heart. I daily saw the loveliest youths and titled chiefs of the land attendant on her words and smiles, and humbly suing for her favour: I saw also, that her immense fortune and rare attractions justly entitled her to their homage; and I was neither vain enough, nor base enough, to attempt a competition.

As in myself I was wholly devoid of passion, I had neither eyes nor apprehension for the discernment of her's. Though I had often seen, I seldom had any kind of converse with her; and where the head is engaged and in a manner absorbed by business, there is neither leisure nor room for love to enter the heart. On the other hand, a person affected can instantly penetrate the bosom of the party beloved, and there discern a vacant and insensible heart, as legibly as a priest of Isis could decypher hieroglyphics.

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One day, as I happened to pass near her antichamber, I heard the warble, as I thought, of distant and ætherial music. I approached toward the sound; the door was on the jar, and gently opening it, I entered and stood behind her unperceived. She sat and sung to her lute. The words were Shakspear's, but sweetly set by herself. They expressed that passage in his play of Twelfth Night, where it is said of Viola, *She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her damask cheek, &c.* Ah, how affectingly did her instrument answer to her voice, while she gently tuned her sighs to the soft and melancholy cadences. My breast was so swelled by a mixture of anguish and compassion, that I could no longer wholly suppress a rising groan. Hereat she started and turned; and rising suddenly, her eyes shot fire, and her face glowed with indignation and resentment. But observing the tears that still trickled down my cheeks, her countenance was as suddenly changed into kindness, and she cast upon me a look of inexpressible complacence.

Ah, Mr Harry, says she, I see, I see that you have a gentle and a kindred kind of heart; and that, if ever you happen to love, you will love with great tenderness.——Have you ever loved, Mr Harry?——Indeed, madam, I cannot say; my commerce has been very little among the ladies. If I met love on my way,

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way, or even found it in my heart, perhaps I should not rightly know what to make of it. But, my Matilda, my charming sister, (your father has honoured me with the privilege of calling you by that dear, that tender name) why will you not entrust your best, your truest friend with the secret of your disquiet? whoever the object of your esteem may be, I here solemnly engage, at the risque of my life and the loss of my fortune, to bring him voluntarily to pay his vows at your feet. O, my sister, I would to heaven that he had now been present, as I have been present, to have his soul melted and minted as mine has been; his heart must have been harder than the stones of Thebes, if you did not attract it and move it, at pleasure, by the touch of those fingers, and the bewitchment of those accents.-----

Ah, you flatterer, she cried, with a voice tuned to harmony, and a face formed of smiles, you almost tempt me to tell you what, for the world, I would not wish that any one in the world should know. But I must snatch myself from the danger.-----So saying, and casting at me a vanishing glance, she was out of sight in an instant.

As our suitors had now been dismissed, and our assemblies discontinued, Miss Golding seemed quite pleased with our domestic quiet; it gave us frequent occasions of being together; and I endeavoured, by a variety of ten-

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der offices and little amusements, to dispel or divert the melancholy under which I thought she laboured. I was greatly surprised at my own success on this occasion; her cheerfulness returned; she discovered new and striking graces in her manners and conversation, and in a little time did not appear to want any consolation.

One day, being on the Exchange, I was accosted by a Jew, who told me that he wanted a sum of money, and would either sell or pawn to me a jewel of great price; it was a solitaire composed of oriental pearls, with a diamond of the first water and magnitude in the centre: after some chaffering, we agreed for three thousand pieces, and I put it into my pocket-book. As my business detained me on the Exchange till it was late, I dined with two or three acquaintance at the chop-house, and did not return, till the evening was advanced.

On my entering, I was told that Mr Golding was abroad, and that Miss Matilda had just ordered coffee for some ladies in her dressing-room. Immediately I ran up and opened the door without ceremony, but was instantly struck with the look which she turned toward me, a look that at once intimated dejection and disgust. During coffee, I endeavoured to behave with my usual unconcern, but found it impossible to avoid sharing

in that constraint under which Miss Matilda most evidently laboured: in short, a gloomy stiffness spread through the whole conversation, and I believe no two persons in company were rightly satisfied with each other.

As soon as the cups were removed, the fair visitants got up; and as Miss Golding pressed them to stay, in a manner that rather denoted her desire of their absence, they feigned a further engagement, and very formally took their leave.

When she had seen them to the door, and that I had handed them into their carriages, she turned without speaking to me, and withdrew toward her own apartment. I followed, and as she was about to enter, My Matilda, my sister, said I, with a voice of cordial tenderness, do your Harry the favour to accept this trifle, as an instance of my regard for the daughter of my friend, for the dearest object, upon earth, of my esteem and affection. So saying, I presented her with my recent purchase: she did not, however, even deign to look at it; but surveying me from head to foot with an eye of strange passions, she took it and dashed it against the floor; and rushing into her chamber, she shut to the door upon me, without speaking a word.

I stood in an inconceivable astonishment and concern. In vain I searched and researched my memory, for the recollection of some instance

stance wherein I might have offended her; but not presuming to obtrude upon her, in order to question or expostulate with her, I retreated to my apartment under the deepest dejection of spirits.

Mr Golding did not return till it was late in the evening. He immediately sent for me. Harry, says he, what is the matter, has any thing happened amiss? I never saw you look so discomposed. Indeed, Sir, I am not as well as I could wish. Bless me, we had better send for a doctor. No, Sir, I am in hopes it will soon be over.——Where is Matilda?——In her chamber, Sir, I believe——He then called Mrs Susan, and bid her tell Matilda that he desired to speak with her; but she answered that her mistress was gone to bed indisposed, and requested that she might not be disturbed.

Supper being served up, we sat down in silence; and as neither of us offered to taste a bit, I rose, wished Mr Golding a good night, and retired to my chamber.

After a sleepless night, my servant entered in a visible alarm, and told me that Miss Golding was extremely ill, and that almost all the physicians in London had been sent for.

Very unhappy were many succeedin
I saw my friend, my father, the man
above the world, I saw him in a dep
distress that bordered on distraction, and I
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found my heart wrung with inexpressible anguish.

Though I was constant in my enquiries after Miss Golding, yet I purposely avoided appearing in her presence, lest the sight of one so obnoxious should add to her distemper. At length the good old man came to me, wringing his hands, Will you not go, Harry, says he, will you not go and see Matilda before she dies? The doctors tell me they have tried all the powers of medicine, but that they do not yet know what to make of her sickness.

My dear Sir, said I, it is then no longer time to conceal from you what I know or conjecture concerning this matter. Miss Matilda, herself, entrusted me with the secret, but under the strictest injunctions of silence; the extremity of her case, however, ought to dispense with all such engagements. Your daughter loves, Sir, she loves with passion; but who the object of her affection is, I cannot imagine. Let it be your part to discover what she so industriously hides from the world; she will refuse nothing to the authority, or rather to the tenderness of such a parent.

Here Mr Golding left me, but returned in a few hours. His whole frame seemed to be affected with something extraordinary. You were right, Harry, he cried, you were right in your conjectures; my prayers and my tears have

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have at length prevailed, with difficulty I have wrung the secret from her. O, my son! it is greatly in your power to befriend us. Would you not do something for the relief of a family, who doat upon you as we do; would you not do something for your old friend, who loves you as fondly as ever father loved a child? Something for you, Sir, said I? yes, every thing, all things that are possible to be done. But, pray Sir, do I know the party? You do, Harry, you do, he cried; for, as the prophet said unto David, thou art the man!

Me, Sir! I exclaimed, impossible! she cannot bear my sight, she hates me, she detests the ground I go upon. Not so, said he, not so, she loves the very dust upon which you tread. Something surely is due in mitigation of the calamities which you have occasioned. We lie at your mercy, Mr Clinton, my precious daughter and myself; it is yours to bid us live or die at your pleasure, to crush us into nothing, or to restore us to existence, to health, to enjoyment. Will it hurt you, my son, to do us these great benefits? is it a matter grievous to you to give happiness to those, whose excess of love to you is their only misfortune? A princely fortune attends you. We and all we have are yours, Mr Clinton. We are desirous of depending on your bounty alone. Let the extremeness of my daughter's affection for you excite something

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more kindly than hatred in your breast. If not for her sake, yet for mine, my beloved Harry, let me beseech you to constrain yourself before her, to affect some little tenderness, some appearance of regard, that may revive her, a while at least, from the deplorable state under which she languishes.

While he spoke, I was agitated by unutterable emotions, and he might have proceeded much further, before I should have had the power to reply. At length I cast myself on my knee, and catching his hand to my bosom, Ah, my friend, my father, my dear father, I cried, am I then no better than a barbarian in your sight? To me would you impute such sentiments of cruelty and ingratitude? Take my hand, Sir, take my heart, dispose of them as you please. All that I have, and all that I am, is yours and your daughter's, without any kind of reserve for any other person breathing.

The good man caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his breast in a long and speechless ecstasy; then, taking me by the hand, he led me in silence to his daughter's apartment.

As we entered she turned her eyes toward the door, and her pale and languid countenance was straight suffused with a short-lived red. I was so affected by the condition in which I beheld her, that I scarcely was able to reach her bed side, where, kneeling down, I gently

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gently took one of her hands, and pressing it between mine, I bathed it in a silent shower of tears.

Ah, my papa, she faintly cried, I fear you have betrayed me: Mr Clinton is certainly informed of my weakness. I am informed, said I, my lovely, my all beloved sister, I am informed that I am permitted to hope for a happiness that is infinitely above my merit; but it shall be the delightful business of my life to deserve it.

My dear, said Mr Golding, I perceive you are something flustered; your constitution is too weak for such emotions as these. For the present, your brother Harry must leave you. To-morrow, I trust, you will be better able to support our company.

Hereupon I took her hand, and impressing upon it a tender and warm kiss, I just ventured to look up, and saw her fine eyes suffused with a glittering tear, and her countenance bent upon me with a look of indescribable sweetness and delight; but Mr Golding, to prevent the effects of too tender a scene, instantly took me by the arm and led me away.

As he perceived that my spirits had been much disturbed, he ordered a bottle to his own chamber, and told me that he requested some further converse with me. As soon as we had taken our seats, he looked earnestly upon

upon me, then seized me by the hand, and looked at me again. But suddenly getting up he turned and stepped to the window, and breaking into tears, he there wept and sobbed for good part of an hour.

As soon as he was somewhat composed, he resumed his seat. Mr Clinton, says he, are you really sincere in your professions with respect to my daughter? Shall I be rid of my doubts at once? May I venture to ask you a question, on which my own life as well as that of my child may depend? Should it please the Almighty to raise her from her present bed of sickness, is it actually your intention to make her your wife.

Here I demanded with some warmth, Is that a question, Sir, at this time? What reason have I given you to suspect my honour or my truth?—I do not suspect you, my Harry, I do not suspect you; I know you would not deceive me, but you may have deceived yourself. Your nature is tender, and full of pity, and in the deplorable estate in which my girl lies, your great compassion may have easily been mistaken by you for love. Your friendship for me also may have helped to impose upon you, and you may have construed your regard and attachment to the father into a sentiment of tenderness and affection for the child. But O, my Harry, should any other woman be preferable in your eyes; or should

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it not be in my girl's power to win and wear your affections, I shall then have been instrumental in making you wretched; and my heart may as well be broken the one way as the other.——No, my father, no. I have no foreign Delilahs, no secret amours, no pleasures that shun the light. My heart is a virgin heart, and my Matilda possesses it without a rival.

From the time that I was sensible of my father's partiality, a little matter of ambition, whether laudable or otherwise, incited me to attempt a distinction that would raise me toward a level with an only brother, who looked down with neglect and contempt upon me. Thence I became indefatigable in my studies at school and college, as also in my application under you, Sir, during the first years of my apprenticeship, and this left me no manner of leisure for female attachments. Indeed I dreaded the appearance of any advances from the sex, and turned from them as I would from so many gins or pit-falls purposely dug for my destruction. My conversation, Sir, has been very little among the fair; and, excepting my natural propensity to the sex, I never, till very lately, conceived a liking for any woman. In truth, my dear father, that lady is not alive whom my judgment or inclinations would prefer to your Matilda. You need not fear my
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being wretched, I think myself most happy in her affections.

Then, said he, I pronounce her the happiest of women. And now, my Harry, I will tell you a secret. From the first time that I beheld you, I wished you for my daughter; I wished that she might have charms to attract and fix your heart; but as I feared, and was persuaded that this was not the case, I forbore to indulge myself in such flattering expectations. You know I never took you with me to see her at the boarding school; the true reason was, that I dreaded exposing her young and inexperienced heart to such a temptation, lest she should conceive and languish under a hopeless passion.

On her return to town, my apprehensions on your score, were much abated, as I imagined that the great number of her gay and glittering suitors would divide or at least divert her attention from you; and I purposely laid all the business of our house on your shoulders, that she might have as little of your company as possible.

I further had the precaution to warn my child against the danger of any affection for you. Matty, said I, one day, among all this assembly of fair and fortunate youths you are free and welcome to chuse your companion for life; there is only one who stands excepted; one only whom you must not look upon

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with any eye of expectation. Who is that, papa? My young brother and partner in trade, said I. He looks much higher, Matty, than to the daughter of a merchant. His prospects are immense. He is only brother and heir to the earl of Moreland, who is now on his travels, a dissolute young man, whose vices in all likelihood will quickly carry him off; and in such a case, our Harry Clinton would be considered as the first person in the land.

Ah! Sir, I cried, I may bless your prohibition with regard to me; it was certainly the happy, the only cause of my Matilda's partiality in my favour. The good man smiled and proceeded. Notwithstanding what I said to Matty, I had not given up all thoughts of you myself. While she talked or sung in your presence, I often turned my eye upon you, and thought, at times, that I perceived a growing tenderness in your behaviour, which further acquaintance, I trusted, might ripen into love. But when, in order to try you, I proposed your advocacy in behalf of Spelling, and that you appeared to undertake it with readiness and pleasure, I at once dropped all my fond and flattering hopes concerning you, and I heartily wished that my child had accepted that modest and worthy young man. Blessed, however, be the favouring hand of that providence who, so unexpectedly, hath conducted matters to the issue of this hour,
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and fulfilled the capital wish of my life. But I will no longer delay carrying to my dear child the glad tidings of your affections; it will prove the best of balms to her wounded mind, and will close her eyes, for this night, in rest and peace of heart.

I was scarce dressed the next morning, when Matilda's favourite maid entered my chamber and bid me good-morrow. Mrs Susan, said I, your pleasant countenance bids me presume that Miss Golding is better.—O, vastly better, vastly better, Sir, I assure you; she slept sweetly all the night, and did not want for happy dreams neither, I warrant.—Here is something for your good news.—No Sir, no, I never take money from gentlemen; my mistress's generosity does not leave me to the temptation. I love my mistress, Sir, and I think we ought all rather to join and see you, as well for yesterday's visit, as for another which I hope you will pay her to day. A fiddle for these old doctors, one pretty young doctor is better worth than a score of them.—Susan, as it should seem, had been an observer, and did not want for penetration in such matters.—Mr Harry, she continued, I'd give my last quarter's wages to know what charm it is that you carry about you, to make all the pretty ladies so fond of you.—In truth, Mrs Susan, I am equally a stranger to the charm and to the fondness that you talk of.—Don't tell me, Sir,
don't

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don't tell me. The very day of that night on which my mistress fell sick, here was a lady in her chariot to enquire for you, one of the loveliest young creatures I ever set my eyes on. I know she asked very particularly and very affectionately for you; for though it was my mistress to whom she spoke, I stood within hearing.—It must, I cried, have been some mistake, or some imposture; for I assure you, Mrs Susan, that I know of no such person. But pray, be so good as to bear my compliments to your lady, and tell her I wait her permission to attend her.

I forgot to tell you, madam, that, agreeable to the advice which Mr Golding had given me, I went to felicitate my uncle Goodall on his marriage with your mother. He had already been informed of my recent admission into partnership, and thereupon received me with very unusual marks of esteem and affection.

Your mother at that time was exceeding lovely in her person and manners. At every season of leisure I frequented their house, and she conceived a very tender and warm friendship for me; but during Miss Golding's illness, I had not been to visit them.

Susan was but just gone, when Mr Gelding came and told me that he believed his Matty would be pleased to see me. I instantly obeyed the summons. As I entered, I observed that she sat up in her bed; a morning gown was
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wrapped about her, and Susan with the help of pillows supported her behind. On my appearing, her spirits again took the alarm. She scarce ventured a glance toward me. I was greatly pained by the abashment under which I saw she laboured, and I hastened to relieve myself as well as her from the distress.

I sat down by the bed-side, and gently taking one of her hands, without looking in her face, My dear Miss Golding, said I, I hope you will not be jealous of your papa's affection for me. He has, indeed, been too partial, too generous toward me, and has approved himself more than a father to me. He is not satisfied with allowing me to call you by the tender name of sister; he further gives me leave to hope, that I may be united to you by the nearest and dearest of all ties. Nothing but your consent is wanting, my sister, to make me the happiest of mankind. You are silent, my Mildred; may I venture to call you mine?—Blessed be your silence, my angel, I will dare then to interpret it in my own favour.——Indeed, I should long since have made the present declaration, I should long since have vowed my inclinations, my affections, my passion for you; but I did not presume to listen to my own heart on the occasion, I did not suffer it to tell me how much you were beloved. Amidst so many suitors of the first rank and merit, who were justly called together by your numberless attractions,

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tractions, I deemed it aflight by much too high for me to aspire at a competition for the happiness of your hand.

Here venturing to look up, I perceived that she had put her handkerchief to her eyes. Ah! Mr Clinton, she cried with a trembling voice, you are very delicate, you are sweetly delicate indeed; but ought I to take the advantage of this delicacy? I see that you would save me from the confusion of an avowal, you would save me from the mortifying sensibility of my own weakness. But, Sir, you ought not to esteem that a weakness in me, which I account my chiefest merit, and which is my chiefest pride. I am proud of my gratitude, I am proud of my discernment. From the moment that you preserved me, against arms and against odds, at the great peril of your own life, in you, and you alone, I saw every thing that was amiable, every thing that was excellent. But then I dreaded lest all women should behold you with my eyes; and, above all, I doubly dreaded and was fearfully assured, that you never would have any eyes or attention for me. You have at length seen, or are rather informed concerning my malady. You pity me, you wish to relieve me, and you would love me if you could. It is enough, Mr Harry; even this perhaps is quite as much of happiness as I can bear.

Here, again, I began to profess and to pro-

test the sincerity and ardour of my affections; but she cut me short and said, I know your sincerity, Sir, you are persuaded that you love me, because as yet you know not what love is. True love, Mr Harry, by its own light, sees into and throughout the bosom of the party beloved: I am very sensible of the tenderness of your friendship for me, and that sensibility constitutes the whole of my happiness. I trust also, that it is all the happiness I shall ever desire. To see you, to hear you, to have you with me, to gaze upon you while you are looking another way, to be permitted to attend, to serve you, to conduce to your satisfactions, it is a lot that will lift me above that of mortality, that will cause me to account myself the first among women.

Ah, I cried, can I say nothing, can I do nothing to convince you, how dear, how exceedingly dear you are to me? I certainly loved you long before I knew what it was to be a lover. I now feel the united force of those imperceptible degrees by which the pleasing intruder daily stole and grew upon me. Believe me, my Matilda, when I presumed to present you with this as a token of my affection, I held it for a trifle altogether unworthy of you; accept it, however, I beseech you, for the sake of the giver.

And is this the gem, says she, which I call from me with such disdain?—Forgive me, my brother;

brother ; it is just so that the world casts from them the pearl of much mightier price. I would to heaven, that I could reject all the pomps, pleasures and vanities of this transitory world, with the same aversion that I spurned from me this estimable jewel ! but there is very little hope of that, Mr Harry, while you yourself may be partly numbered among transitory things.

Here I was quite overcome by the affection of the dear girl, and, urged on by a sudden transport, I caught her to my bosom with a force that was something too much for her weakness. On recollection, I attempted to apologize for my indiscretion, but she sweetly cried, Ah ! Mr Harry, never repent of such faults ; may I often, may I daily tempt you to be guilty of them. But tell me, and tell me truly Mr Clinton ; these gems, when you first purchased them, were they actually intended for me ? were they not rather intended for your Fanny, for your own Fanny, Mr Clinton ? What can you mean ? I exclaimed, I know of no Fanny in the universe with whom I have any acquaintance. That is strange ! she replied, very extraordinary indeed ! but, lest you should think me of a jealous or whimsical temper, I will relate the affair to you precisely as it happened.

On the day in which I took to my bed, I was looking out at the parlour window, when
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a chariot and six horses whirled up to our door. I observed a single lady in it, whom I supposed of my acquaintance, and instantly sent Susan to request her to walk in. On her entering, I was greatly struck by the beauty of her figure, and eyed her very inquisitively from head to foot. Having curtsied gracefully to me, Can you tell me, miss, said she, is Mr Clinton at home? No, indeed, madam, said I, but if you will be pleased to entrust me with your commands—It is only, miss, that I request to see him as soon as possible—And, pray madam, where shall he attend you?—O, he will know that instantly, when you tell him it was Fanny Goodall, his own Fanny Goodall who was here to wait upon him.—Good heaven, I cried out, my aunt, my aunt Goodall, my very aunt I assure you!—What do you say, what do you tell me, your aunt, Sir, can it be? Ah, she is too young and too lovely to be an aunt, Mr Harry.—The very same, indeed, madam, there is no other Fanny Goodall. I admit, as you say, that she is young and exceedingly lovely; but still she is a wife, and likely soon, as I think, to be a mother. Alas, says my Matilda, what a doleful jest is this! a cruel aunt she has been to me, I am sure; what days of sighs and nights of tears she has cost me! Ah, that heart-breaking term, “his own, his own Fanny;” I think I shall never be able to forgive her that expression!

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As Mr Golding just then entered, we dropped the subject we were upon. Why Matty, says he, you are quite another creature: I think I never saw you wear so happy a face. I know you are come to chide me, says she, for keeping your partner from business; but pay me down the portion you intended for me, papa, and I will reimburse you the damage of every hour of his absence. Yes, my love, cries the tender father, if wealth might serve for wages to a heart like that of my Harry, he shall be very amply paid for every act and instance of his affection and attention to you. Every hour of my life, I cried, is already her due; she has nothing to pay to one who is her debtor beyond account.

During several following days, Miss Golding recovered with amazing rapidity. In less than five weeks she looked plumper and fairer than ever: peace smiled in her countenance; joy laughed in her eyes; her whole frame appeared as actuated by some internal music. And thus, all lovely and beloved, she was given up to my arms, in the presence of my uncle and aunt and a few city friends.

FRIEND: As I wish that none of your faults should pass by me unnoticed, so I am willing to allow you all your just praises. Your story of your old friend is, hitherto, very simple, natural, and domestic; and to a mind yet

yet undebauched, exceedingly interesting and affecting; for it opens and investigates a number of little passages and mazes in the heart, which are quite closed, or imperceptible to persons of hard nerves and callous conceptions. I am free, however, to tell you, that I felt myself offended by the compliments which Mr Clinton pays to himself through the mouth of your Matilda. It is, indeed, a very rare matter for people to speak of themselves with due decency and delicacy. I wish you could have procured some other conduit for conveying to us the history of your knight. Cæsar, I think, is the only person who, with an easy though modest confidence, has successfully adventured on a detail of his own exploits.

AUTHOR. I have not a word to say in Mr Clinton's defence; perhaps he may offer something for himself on the occasion.

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